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*Memorials of my mother
[Catherine King] and my home*

Ellen King Goodwin

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To

J. H. & Ellen Richmond,
with ^{the} affectionate love of E. G.
July - 1890

with

John H. Richmond

MEMORIALS
OF
MY MOTHER AND MY HOME



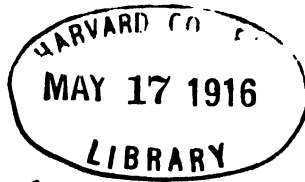
CATHERINE KING.

MEMORIALS
OF
MY MOTHER AND MY HOME

BY
ELLEN GOODWIN

LONDON
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1889

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Lucy W. Good Fund

“What would I give to listen to some one who could tell me the ways, the look, the bearing, the commonest words of my ancestors.”—*Montaigne*.

PREFACE.

THE following Memoir of my mother has been compiled partly from books referring to family history, but mainly from correspondence with Augusta Kirk, filled in by what my mother herself told me, and from my own personal reminiscences.

I have written it in the belief that it will prove interesting to my children, and perhaps to my children's children.

ELLEN GOODWIN.

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CATHERINE KING.

CHAPTER I.

CATHERINE KING was the daughter of Vincent Pearce and Sarah Ashfield. Her mother, whose maiden name was Morris, was the daughter of the Honourable Lewis Morris, of Morrisania,* Judge of the Admiralty for the province of New York, by his second wife, Sarah Staats Gouverneur, and was the grand-daughter of Lewis Morris, a distinguished Colonial Governor of New Jersey.

Her father, who was her mother's first cousin,† belonged to a family which in previous generations held a good position in England. A pedigree of the Ashfield family, of which I have a copy, enables me to trace back his descent to one Richard, of Buttens, or Britain's House, Hornchurch, Essex, and of Giddy Hall, Romford, Essex. This Richard Ashfield was a member of the Parliamentary Army, where he attained the rank of colonel, as is testified by his commission, signed by Oliver Cromwell, which is, I believe, still in possession of some of the family ;

* See note at end of volume.

† His father, Richard Ashfield, married her father's sister Isabella, eldest daughter of Lewis Morris, Governor of New Jersey.

and in the year 1656 he was presented with the freedom of the town of Ayr, in Scotland. He married, in 1662, Patience, daughter of Mr. Hart, one of the original proprietors of the county of New Jersey, and was great-grandfather of Vincent Pearce Ashfield, in whom for the present we are interested.

Vincent Pearce was the youngest of the five children of Richard and Isabella Ashfield, and was born in the year 1738, after his father's death; the four elder children were Lewis Morris, Isabel, Patience, and Richard.

In September, 1772, at the age of thirty-four he married his cousin Sarah Morris, who was ten years his junior. After their marriage, the couple settled in New York, where his family had previously lived, and where they were surrounded by relations and friends. Sarah was a handsome and attractive woman, well-cultivated, and of a literary turn. It is reported that she wrote sermons for her friend the Rector of Trinity Church, New York, many of which he preached. The Ashfields had four children, Richard, born 1773, Lewis Morris, 1775, Catherine, the subject of this memoir, 29th of December, 1776, and Vincent Pearce, 1778. The eldest and the youngest died at the age of two years. A pretty white enamel ring now in the possession of my brother Bryan, which my grandmother wore, is inscribed "Richard Ashfield ob: 13 Nov. 1775, Æ 2 years & 3 mo." Catherine was so named after a sister of her mother's who died on December 1st, 1776, a few weeks after the child's birth, at the age of seventeen, of whom it

was said that she never told a lie. This girl-aunt was also said to possess the faculty of second sight. When a little child, sitting one day at table, she exclaimed that her uncle, Robert Hunter Morris, had fallen down dead in a country dance, in Huntingdon, on Long Island. The next day came the news of his death, with an order to have the family vault opened. This Robert Hunter Morris was Colonial Governor of New York and Pennsylvania. The girl saw many similar uncanny sights in her mind's eye during her short life, which was passed at Morrisania. In Sparks's life of Gouverneur Morris (Vol. I., p. 119), there is a letter from him to his mother, condoling with her on his sister Catherine's death. This information concerning Catherine Morris and her second sight was sent me by my cousin, Gouverneur Morris, in April, 1888, less than two months before his death.

The home in New York was a very happy one to Catherine Ashfield, but the happiness was short-lived. When she was five years old, her first great sorrow came to her in the death of her mother. Sarah Ashfield died of rapid consumption on November 6th, 1781, and was interred two days later in Trinity Churchyard. There is no stone to mark the place of her burial; when the present church was erected, many of the old monuments were destroyed. The church register has the following entry:—

	Name.	Age.	Where Buried.	Disease.
1781.				
Nov. 8.	Mrs. Ashfield	32	Trinity Churchyard	Sudden.

The *New York Gazette* of Monday, November 19, 1781, contains this item—

“Died a few days since, Mrs. Sarah Ashfield, wife of Mr. Vincent P. Ashfield of this city, merchant, and daughter of the late Hon. Lewis Morris, Esq^r, Judge of the Admiralty of the Province. She was buried two days after her death.”

In the family Bible in which Mr. Ashfield had entered his marriage and the births of his several children, after the notice of his wife's death, he wrote, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” In after years, when speaking to Catherine of her mother, he used to say, “Those words describe her sweet character.” As for himself, the shock and the anguish caused by her death seemed to paralyse him; he felt he could no longer remain where she had lived, and he resolved to leave America.

A few years previously, Vincent Ashfield had been much distressed at the signing of the “Declaration of Independence” on July 4th, 1776. He resolved never to give up his English nationality, and his wife's death now seemed to offer a fitting opportunity for quitting his native country.*

In a short time Mr. Ashfield became a much-respected and prosperous British merchant. Lewis was sent to school; he was a beautiful and fascinating boy, with a generous nature; his father was devoted to him, loving him

* In a letter which Samuel Ogden wrote to Gouverneur Morris, his brother-in-law, a quotation from which has been sent to me, he says:—“V. Ashfield sailed on Sunday last for Scotland, in a vessel of which he is owner. He takes his son with him, his daughter we take. May 7, 1783.”

with his whole heart, "not wisely, but too well;" his mind and character lacking strength and energy, he was easily led astray, and his father's indulgence became the chief cause of his ultimate ruin.

Catherine was left at Morrisania on her father's departure, in the spring of 1783, under the care of her grandmother, and with two slaves of her own to wait upon her. One of these slaves had been her nurse from infancy, and was quite a mother to her; a good, kind, and faithful creature, much attached to "Miss Katey," and always at hand to comfort her in her troubles. Her grandmother was very kind to her, and loved her dearly.

Christmas time at Morrisania, as described to me by my mother, must have been a great feature in her young life. She would tell of the family gatherings, the interchange of gifts, the decorating of the big, old, rambling house with holly, mistletoe and flowers, the fun in the early mornings as to who should be the first to wish "a Merry Christmas," the joyous greetings and the merry evenings spent in games and dancing and all kinds of frolic, presided over by the good lady who never forgot the proverb "merry and wise." In her own home, in after years, Catherine followed these traditions as far as possible, making our Christmas times bright and happy.

In those early days Catherine's aunt Euphemia, wife of Mr. Ogden, spent six months of the year with her family at the old home, and then Catherine's life was at times a very unhappy one. Mrs. Ogden was irritable, imperious

and selfish; her children ill-disciplined and unruly. The mother never enquired who was in fault, but ordered a general punishment, which included Catherine, who suffered keenly from the injustice and harsh treatment. She told me of an indignity offered to her in her childish days. One morning her breakfast was brought to her in her dog's mug; on her refusal to eat it, her aunt ordered it to be put by for her dinner; again it was refused and again put by for her supper, and then her slave brought her food and comforted her, abused Mrs. Ogden and broke the mug into atoms!

So four or five years of her child-life passed by. Her grandmother had had a dangerous illness two years before she went to live with her, and she remained an invalid, more or less, until her death in 1786. Her mind, however, was vigorous and she maintained her authority to the end, and she educated her only son, Gouverneur, with great wisdom and discretion. Being a niece of her husband's first wife, she had never been kindly received by his family or helped in any way, but she proved herself capable of bringing up her children, and transacting the necessary business, as well as it could possibly have been done. Shortly before her death, she had prepared a claim for damages done to the estate by the British army; animals had been taken for food, and timber had been cut, on four hundred and seventy acres of woodland, for ship-building, artillery and firewood. The claim was for £8,000, and it was paid, but not all in her life-

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SARAH MORRIS, MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

time. Her son Gouverneur, of whom she was justly proud, when peace was concluded, returned, after an absence of seven years, to Morrisania, and was able to assist and comfort her in her last days, and then he saw and became very fond of the little Catherine.

The record of Mrs. Morris in the family Bible runs thus: "Died at Morrisania, Mrs. Sarah Gouverneur Morris, relict of Colonel Morris, the 14th day of January, 1786, aged seventy-one years and three months." There is at the present time at Morrisania an oil-painting of Sarah Gouverneur Morris in the dress of the period, representing her as a very handsome woman. Of this picture my cousin, Minnie Davenport, has had a photograph taken, which is here reproduced.

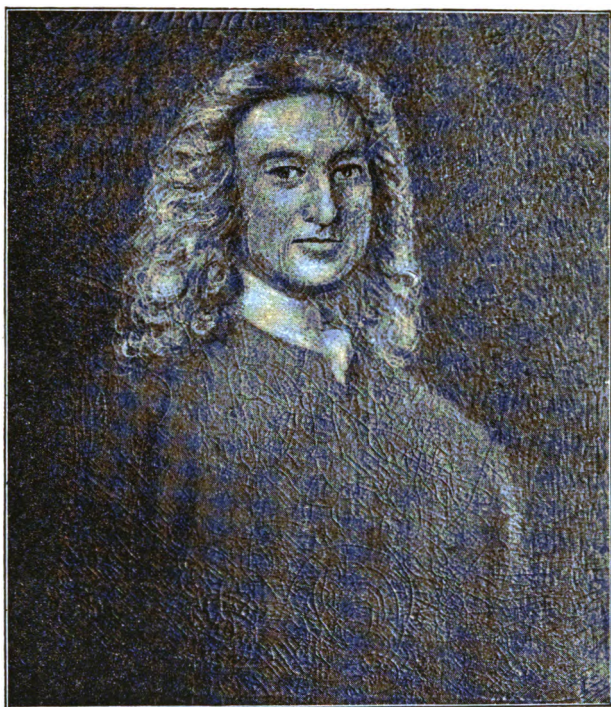
With the death of the grandmother changes came to the old house at Morrisania, and it was judged best that Catherine, who was now nine years old, should be sent to her father in Liverpool. At his wish her two slaves received their freedom. Catherine's own special attendant was heart-broken at the thought of parting with her child, and threatened to hide herself as a "stow-away" on board the vessel which was to convey her mistress to England, declaring that her own life was no use to her if they took away "Miss Katey, her own child."

Mrs. Ogden made the arrangements for Catherine's departure from New York; she interviewed the captain of the vessel in which her passage was taken, and under his charge the little girl left her native land without other

friend or attendant. All her clothes and belongings were contained in an enormous horse-hair trunk, which is still in my possession.

She was alone for the first time in her life, surrounded by strangers, her faithful and devoted slave no longer near to comfort her. Her grief was uncontrollable and heart-rending, nor would she be consoled, until at last she was told that she should return with the pilot. With this assurance she became calmer, and kept a ceaseless watch upon the pilot, and his boat. When the boat was loosened from the ship, and the pilot sailed away without her, her anguish was terrible. She was so stunned by the great shock that the captain was very much alarmed, and feared for her reason. Kind people among the passengers in vain tried to console her, until at last, overcome by exhaustion, she found rest from her troubles in sleep. Many on board, including the kind-hearted sailors, were ready to divert and amuse the solitary child, and soon she forgot her griefs and became the life of the party. She was the pet of everybody, and by nature full of spirits and fun, she thoroughly enjoyed the voyage.

Her father was waiting at the harbour, when the vessel arrived in Liverpool, to receive her. On the evening of her arrival she was taken by him to the theatre, and having been used to no control whatever during the voyage, she laughed and talked without restraint, stood up in the box and made remarks not very complimentary to the company, and all in so loud a tone, that her



MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, LEWIS MORRIS.

father was shocked and surprised, and decided that for some time to come he could not again take her in public. His first care was for her education, and after good counsel with his friends, he placed her at a school kept by the Miss Waddingtons, who lived in the upper part of Duke Street. The school was considered to be the best in the neighbourhood, and here she met with great kindness and received what was considered in those days a good education. The younger Miss Waddington, known as "Aunt Bridget," was the housekeeper, and she knowing that Catherine would at an early age have the care of her father's house, spared no pains in instructing her, after school hours and on Saturdays, in housekeeping and marketing. Mr. Ashfield was pleased with the teaching and training she received.

Many of Catherine's holidays were passed with her father's friends, some of the early ones with Mr. Sandford, of Rose Hill, Gatacre, near Childwall Abbey, and others with Mr. Sandford's niece, Mrs. Sykes, a lady living near Rose Hill with her one daughter, by name Ann. Catherine was a little younger than Ann Sykes, but between the two girls a firm friendship was formed which lasted to the end of their lives. Ann was my godmother.

CHAPTER II.

AT the age of sixteen Catherine left school and went to live with her father, who had now a house in Temple Court, near Castle Street. He had fitted up two rooms for his daughter, a bedroom and a study, and had amply furnished the latter with the works of standard authors in history, poetry, philosophy, biography, etc. On introducing Catherine to these rooms, he told her that all the furniture was her own, and it may be interesting to know that much of it has been in my room for many years. Pointing to the books which he had chosen for her, Mr. Ashfield said he hoped she would make good use of them, as, in his opinion, her education was now about to begin.

From this time, Catherine's life was full of cares and responsibility. Her brother, Lewis, lived at home, passing his days in idleness and dissipation. He had now almost reached manhood; the weakness and self-indulgence of his character was, as has been said, intensified by the want of early training, but his grace and charm of manner won popularity for him wherever he went, and being, in spite of all his faults, of a generous nature, he was beloved by all. Naturally he was a most unsuitable companion for a young

girl, and Catherine suffered, though probably unconsciously, from the want of a mother's guidance, and felt keenly the difficulties of her position. She was in great dread of being led astray by her brother and his companions, and it was pathetic to hear her tell of hours spent in the night in weeping and lamenting her youth and inexperience. She was conscious of losing all her cheerfulness and of becoming grave and sad.

Mr. Ashfield was fond of society and very hospitable; strangers were always welcome at his house; every Thursday he had friends to dinner and an open evening. He had a box at the theatre, and attended there once or twice a week. He was a man of high and honourable principles, benevolent and kind-hearted. His purse was always open for cases of distress. He was intelligent and clear-headed, and possessed much information on various subjects. He had a facility for writing verses as occasion occurred. I have a copy of a bright and witty letter in rhyme to Robert Welsh, and one in prose to the same friend, which I think may have a place in this book as a sample of eighteenth-century letter-writing. (See Notes at end of Volume).

Mr. Ashfield had also a considerable power of reciting; he knew well many passages from Shakespeare—some of his favourites being Othello's speeches and portions of Hamlet; he was a great admirer of Addison, and frequently repeated Cato's soliloquy.

He was not only fond of society, but owing to his powers of conversation, his fun, and his ready wit, he was the life

of every party. His manner of telling a story was irresistible and peculiar to himself, and with an unfailing memory he was never at a loss for a name or date. Every Monday evening he attended a whist club, held at the "Star and Garter" in Paradise Street, to which many of his friends belonged, Robert Welsh, Dr. Brandrath, Robert Morris, and many other persons. A supper was provided at the end of the evening, the usual dinner-hour being four o'clock. Mr. Ashfield was very fond of games; he played picquet almost every evening with his daughter, and sometimes Pope Joan, but his favourite game was whist, and he played it well. It was the custom of friends and neighbours to drop in after dinner, join the card table, and afterwards partake of a slight supper; these were pleasant convivial evenings.

Mr. Ashfield was a religious man, well-read in the Bible; and might have been called a good churchman except for the fact that he seldom or never went to church. But he observed the fasts and festivals, always remembering the Saints' days and observing the Fridays in Lent; Good Friday was a rigid fast, no meat was eaten or cooked on that day. He put on mourning on Ash Wednesday and took it off on Easter Sunday. He never did secular work on Sundays, but he read the Church services and such books as Pearson, Paley, and Butler. He was on very friendly terms with his clergyman and paid for a good pew in his parish church. He was held in such high esteem by his fellow-townsmen that, in cases of dispute respecting a wreck or a fire, law-

suits were often avoided, as all parties were willing to put the arbitration unreservedly in his hands and abide by his verdict.

The charity and kindness of this good man were not confined to the poor; he was never more happy than when he was helping those who, in his own rank of life, from misfortune of one kind or another, needed assistance. In the year 1793, soon after his daughter's return from school, there were living in Temple Court, Liverpool, four sisters of the name of Smith; they were well-educated and well-mannered gentlewomen, in reduced circumstances. He discovered that they earned their living by needlework, which he judged was an unworthy occupation for them. He consulted his friend and near neighbour, also living in Temple Court, Mr. Gladstone (the father of the present William Ewart Gladstone), who was always ready to help in all good works, and in a few months the four sisters were placed in excellent situations, two of them as governesses in private families, and two as teachers in an old, first-class ladies' school at Runcorn. A year after they went to this school, the mistress retired and the two Miss Smiths succeeded her, and, like their predecessor, made their fortunes. The younger married the Chevalier de Gandrion, the French master of the school; the eldest sister, remaining unmarried, was never separated from her and died many years afterwards at St. Malo, aged eighty-nine years. One of the governesses, a very beautiful woman, married Mr. John Buckley of Manchester; her

family were prosperous, and one of her sons was the Reverend E. Buckley, Dean of the East India College at Haileybury. Mrs. Buckley lived as a widow for some time at Torquay, where she died. The family ever retained a grateful memory of their benefactors. As a child, I remember the Chevalier and his wife and Miss Smith visiting my mother, and I thought them very pleasant, grateful people, but at that time I did not know their history.

For the first two years after Catherine left school, she was not allowed to go into society, or to be troubled with household cares. Her time was principally given to reading and study, and under the able direction of her father she acquired a considerable amount of knowledge, and cultivated a taste for literature, which was of life-long value and help to her. She had an excellent memory, and being, like her father, very fond of poetry, she could recite passages from Milton, Shakespere, Spencer and Pope, the last of whom was a special favourite. She had a good voice and ear, and was fond of singing, when alone in the house, and on her solitary walks.

During these early days at Temple Court, Catherine formed a friendship, which had considerable influence upon her after-life, with the clergyman of St. Catherine's Church, the Rev. Thomas Bold. She has been often heard to say that to this friend she was indebted for everything good and holy, far more than she was able to express. Mr. Bold took much interest in her, and was in the true

sense of the word her spiritual "pastor and master." The services of his church were a great consolation to her in the trials and difficulties which the companionship of her brother could not fail to bring her. Her father's love for Catherine was her highest blessing, although, through his indulgence, she lost the advantage of discipline, which the exercise of parental authority might have given to her character.

Mr. Ashfield loved to see his daughter happy. On one occasion he bought a boa and a muff for her, and being asked where they were to be sent to, said he would carry them home himself; that he might see her joy on receiving them.

Catherine's life was not long to remain an inactive one; the duty of living for others was soon instilled into her mind by her father's active charity under difficult and peculiar circumstances.

In the summer of 1794, Mr. Ashfield heard, on the Liverpool Exchange, a very sad story. A vessel had just arrived from America, bringing a mother and four children, the father having been detained in America for some political offence. The mother for some cause, the nature of which I do not precisely know, was sent to Lancaster Castle. Mr. Ashfield and his daughter went together in search of the children, whom they found in wretched lodgings and almost in a state of destitution. Fanny, the eldest, a girl of about fourteen years of age, was taking care of an infant; of the other two children, Tom was eleven, and

Augusta eight years old. The infant was the first to engage Mr. Ashfield's attention, and a nurse was procured who took it that evening to its mother. Instructions were given to the landlady to provide the two eldest with food and clothing, and to take care of them until the morrow, when Mr. Ashfield would come again. Augusta was taken home to Temple Court, where, under Catherine's sole control,—for Mr. Ashfield gave the child entirely into her charge—she was educated and brought up. The name of the family was Young.

Mr. Ashfield arranged for the boy and girl being received into suitable schools, and, according to his promise, he went on the following day, and took them to their several destinations. He also wrote to Mrs. Young, telling her where and how the children were provided for. The expenses did not fall wholly upon Mr. Ashfield, as he had many friends as benevolent as himself. Subsequently the boy, Tom, went into the navy. When we were living at Heath Cottage, he came to see my mother, and spent two nights with us, during one of his rare visits to England. After he had left us, the Bible, which was in his room, was brought to my mother; in it were two five-pound notes, enclosed in a piece of paper, on which was written, "Please make these acceptable to your daughters, with the gratitude of T. Y." Before my mother could write her thanks, Tom had sailed, and he died at sea soon afterwards.

Fanny was clever, and, being well-educated, eventually became the proprietor of a first-class school at Ellesmere.

In her vacations she often visited us at Heath Cottage; she was a great talker and loved gardening; she cut away at our rose trees much more than my father approved of, saying, "The rose loves the knife." She died at Ellesmere.

The little girl "Augusta Sydney" was a quite charming child, and it was entirely with the mother's consent that Mr. Ashfield adopted her. In her Catherine found a definite object of interest, and, henceforward, her life was a happy one. As she grew older, she could better understand and appreciate her father's many good and fine qualities, both of mind and heart. For two or three years time went pleasantly with her.

In the summer of 1797, when Catherine and "Gussy" (as the child was called in the family) were taking one of their usual country walks, a gate-post fell and crushed Catherine's foot, causing a severe fracture. She was carried home, and Mr. Park, the most eminent surgeon of the day in Liverpool, was sent for. He attended her daily for more than a year, till at last Mr. Ashfield, becoming weary of his endless visits, called in a Mr. Bedford, a bone-setter and a sort of quack, and to him it is thought she owed her recovery. The cure was effected chiefly by means of bandages and a linen boot, which Mr. Bedford himself applied with much skill, so as to provide support and strength where it was needed. Nevertheless, Catherine was confined for three long years to the sofa. Mr. Bold visited her frequently; and when by means of

a crutch she was able to fill her accustomed place in St. Catherine's Church, her delight and thankfulness were very great. Her father was her devoted nurse; he read to her, told her the news, and never left her one day during the three years.

It was in the beginning of Catherine's illness, that Mr. Ashfield resolved to send his son Lewis on a visit to his friends and family in New York. He had also an object in view, which was to bring home some valuable diamonds and other jewelry belonging to Catherine, which had been left with her friends at Morrisania, when she sailed for England. Catherine objected to her possessions being entrusted to Lewis, in whose principles she had little faith. But Mr. Ashfield would not see, or believe in, the faults of Lewis, and, accordingly, he was sent on the errand and stayed in America a year. As his sister foresaw, he returned without the jewels. His story was that, on the transfer of his luggage from the boat to the sailing vessel, his portmanteau, in which they were safely packed, went overboard and was lost. Nothing more was heard of the jewels, but there is no doubt that Lewis's story was a fabrication; in all probability, the temptation was too great for him, and he had succumbed to it, sold the jewels, and spent the money.

During her illness, Catherine was unable to attend to Augusta, who was now almost twelve years old, and Mr. Ashfield thought it was a good opportunity to send her to pay a visit to her parents, whom she had not seen for

many years. Mr. and Mrs. Young had surmounted their troubles and were comfortably settled in Dublin, and thither Mr. Ashfield sent her. She remained in Dublin two years, and, at Mr. Ashfield's desire, carried on her education.

On Augusta's return to her adopted home, in 1803, she found that many changes had taken place. Mr. Ashfield had removed to a house in Bold Street, which was considered in those days a fashionable part of the town, and in the neighbourhood of which many of his intimate friends lived. The trade of Liverpool was increasing, so that Temple Court was needed for mercantile purposes. Many of the good houses were converted into offices and warehouses, and St. Catherine's Church was taken down. This last event was the cause of great grief to my mother; at that church she had learnt her first lessons in holiness and in church doctrine; and she used to speak of it in after years with deep love and reverence. Her friend Mr. Bold was in delicate health and slightly lame, and he never accepted another cure.

On the change of residence, a pew was rented in Trinity Church, St. Ann Street, of which Mr. Formby was the Vicar. Mr. Ashfield had his office in the garden behind the house, and his desk stood at a window looking into the back street. His opposite neighbour was a widow with a family, who earned her living by needlework; she was industrious, but very poor. One day Mr. Ashfield noticed that a pane of glass in her window was broken;

he sent his own tradesman to repair it, making him at the same time the bearer of a present of a pound of tea, which was in those days a more costly gift than it is now. Such trifling acts of ready kindness were of constant occurrence.

Catherine's health was restored, and she enjoyed the change of residence. Many of her intimate friends lived near, some of them older than herself, and to them she could apply in any difficulty.

Augusta was now between fifteen and sixteen years old, she had much improved during her absence, and was a delightful companion, and she and Catherine now resumed their studies. The latter's bright spirits, joyous nature, and perfect temper, together with her kindness and ready sympathy, made her much loved by all her friends. Having reached the age of twenty-five, she was allowed to pay visits to distant friends, and to see a little more of the world than she had hitherto done.

From this time, her father used to take her annually for a tour of a month or six weeks, which was the joy of Catherine's heart. I have often heard my mother describe those pleasant journeys. A post chaise was hired—the same every year—which was fitted up with a book-case, pockets for cards, a chess-board, a writing case and a luncheon basket.

Catherine travelled in a habit, and took with her a second habit as a best dress, for dining and for wearing on Sundays. The custom of the continual use of habits

by ladies in those days, is brought to our notice in Miss Austen's "Northanger Abbey." "It had wafted nothing worse than a thick mizzling rain, and having given a good shake to her habit she was ready." Lady Ellinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the famous ladies of Llangollen, always wore habits.

CHAPTER III.

I THINK it will add to the interest of this little history, if some account be given of the friends of Mr. Ashfield and his daughter.

Of some I only remember the names. Mr. and Mrs. Tattersall and their two sons, living at Everton Terrace, were kind and liberal people. Miss Buchanan, with whom Catherine had been at school, whose parents lived at Burton-on-Trent, Catherine often visited, as she was fond of the family. Mrs. Catherine Blackburn, a charming woman who had never married, lived with her brother at Waver-tree Hall; her cousin was member for the county. She was a kind and attached friend, and a wise and judicious counsellor, whom Catherine regarded almost in the light of a mother.

Mr. Littledale and his brother Isaac were very intimate friends, and much beloved by Mr. Ashfield; they often dined in Bold Street; one of them sang well. They were, I think, left trustees for Catherine, on her father's death.

Major and Mrs. Barberee, living in Bold Street, were old American friends; the Major was Barrack Master of the district for two or three years; she was the daughter of

General Skinner. They were daily visitors at Mr. Ashfield's, either joining in the morning walk, or coming to dinner, or forming part of a whist party in the evening, the Major being a very good player. On one occasion he scolded his wife for a mistake, so that tears came into her eyes, which he kissed away as they passed into the supper room. This loving couple had two sons, Courtland and John. The elder, Courtland Barberee, was in the army and lost a leg in the Burmese war; John lived in Liverpool, where he had an appointment in the customs.

Another kind friend to Catherine was a Mrs. Nolan, a widow and a Roman Catholic, an amiable handsome old lady, with white hair and rosy cheeks. She lived at Chester, and was introduced to the Ashfields by some very old friends living in the same city, of the name of Folliott. A niece, Mrs. Brush, lived with Mrs. Nolan, but she was not a favourite with the old lady, who shortly before her death gave Catherine some valuable rings, asking her not to mention the fact to Mrs. Brush. My daughter Catherine has one of these rings, which contains what is called a "black diamond."

Mr. and Mrs. Folliott, of Chester, were American loyalists; Catherine and Lewis were frequently visitors at their house. I remember an anecdote told me by my mother, connected with the custom of afternoon tea. As Mrs. Folliott handed round the tea, she would say, "Do you bite or stir?" If the answer was the former, the sugar was placed in the saucer and the teaspoon removed; if the

latter, the sugar was put into the cup and the spoon left. I might also mention that, at Crewe Hall, there is an old painting of a tea party in the park under the shade of the fine trees; so that afternoon tea is not a modern institution, as many people suppose it to be. Some of the family of Folliott were living at Chester within a few years.

Catherine had a very affectionate friend in a Mrs. Dickinson, living in Richmond Row, an elderly lady, tall and handsome, stiff and stately in manner; she dressed well, and was, in herself and her house, a pattern of neatness and beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Scotch people and American loyalists, living at Blackfield, near Liverpool, were friends whom Catherine held in high estimation. I remember going sometimes with her to see them, and being much impressed with the visit; their house was a large one, and everything was kept in perfect order; as a child I always came away with gifts of cake and fruit.

They were also intimate with another Scotch couple, Mr. and Mrs. Sellar, the latter *née* Sinclair; her youngest sister had married the poet Campbell; she always went by the name of "our Matilda."

A cousin of Mr. Ashfield, Mr. Hunt, lived at Bristol. He was a wealthy man; his wife was my sister Catherine's god-mother.

Once, in the early Bold Street days, during an election, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and their daughter spent a fortnight with the Ashfields. A window was hired in Castle Street

from which they might see the successful candidate "chaired." The scene was a curious one: a large handsome chair was provided, covered with ribbons and flags, in which the new member sat, hat in hand. The chair was carried on men's shoulders at the head of a procession, the streets were crowded and gaily decorated, and the windows were filled with people, bands were playing and the multitude cheering. But to the hero in the chair, it was a position of peril, for there was always the chance, on such occasions, of meeting an opposition rabble,—in fact, the risk was considered so great, that in 1836 the custom of "chairing" was abolished.

In the year 1804 Catherine was paying a visit to her old friends, the Buchanans of Burton-on-Trent. During her visit Mr. Mathews (the famous Charles Mathews) was at the Liverpool Theatre. Mr. Ashfield was accustomed to ask any special actors who came there to dine at his house; accordingly Mr. Mathews received and accepted an invitation to dinner. He was an exceedingly agreeable man, with good powers of conversation; he expressed much regret at not seeing Catherine, and hoped he might have the pleasure of making her acquaintance at some future time. At the end of dinner Mr. Mathews excused himself on the ground of an engagement, which unfortunately he could not break. As the party were about to sit down to the card tables, a stranger was announced as "Mr. Jones." He was a young man, in a light drab suit, with very prominent teeth. After ample

apologies, he excused himself by saying he had just come from a journey, had been staying at Burton, and had there met Miss Ashfield at a ball on the previous evening, and had had the honour of dancing with her, and had much admired her beautiful foot. So he talked on, in a pleasant, lively strain. Mr. Ashfield regretted he had not come in time for dinner; "If you had given me that honour you would have met one of the most agreeable men of the day, Mr. Mathews." Mr. Jones thanked his host for his kind words, saying that Mr. Mathews was not altogether a stranger to him. When he took his leave, he so frightened the servant-maid, by a sudden change of face and voice, that she fell down fainting. It is unnecessary to explain who "Mr. Jones" was.

Catherine found her old schoolfellow in delicate health, and rather a trial to her mother and sisters. She told her father of this, and he begged she would invite her friend to return with her for a six months' visit, upon the one condition that she should never mention her ailments, except to her maid or her doctor. Miss Buchanan gratefully accepted the invitation, and returned with Catherine to Liverpool. During her visit she accompanied the Ashfields on one of their pleasant tours. They first drove to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and then on into Yorkshire, visiting Beverley Minster. From Beverley the party went to York, and thence to Durham. It was the custom in those days, when a travelling carriage came to an hotel, for the landlord to request the gentleman's card, and an invitation to

dinner would soon arrive from the chief person of the place. In the case of a cathedral city, it was generally sent by the Dean or Canon in residence, and at Durham the party dined, on this occasion, with Mr. Durell, who had a golden stall; this circumstance was often referred to by Catherine, who, by her marriage, became connected with Mr. Durell's family.

Mr. Ashfield had a great liking for cathedrals, abbeys, old churches, and interesting buildings; and I think, with the exception of a tour into Derbyshire, he never made country scenery his object. One year, they went into Somerset, to see Wells Cathedral, which fascinated Catherine, who often talked to me of the visit.

In July of 1805, a very droll expedition was suddenly arranged, among a few very intimate friends. The plan was to visit Beaumaris in a pilot boat. The party consisted of Major and Mrs. Barberee and their two sons, then quite children, with a nurse and a valet, two Miss Buchanans, Augusta, Catherine and Lewis. The pilot boat was engaged and supplied with provisions for twelve hours, which was the time usually occupied in the passage. Mr. Ashfield did not approve of the way of going, he thought it neither a wise nor a safe voyage for a small boat; and as the day they had chosen was the 4th of July, the day of the "Declaration of Independence," he was sure they could not succeed. However, he gave a tardy consent and went to see the party off. Everything looked hopeful—a bright sun, calm air, a smooth sea, and a happy party. But in

six hours all was changed, the sky overcast, the sea angry and boisterous, and the wind against them. There was no shelter on the boat, seas were shipped, and there were heavy squalls of wind and rain. The captain, seeing there was no hope of reaching the Welsh coast, turned round and made for Liverpool as well as he could. The party were miserable, and with the exception of Catherine and Lewis, very sea-sick. Miss Buchanan moaned, and begged that somebody would throw her overboard; Mrs. Barberee was very ill, but obliged to attend to her baby, and her doleful singing was most ludicrous to listen to. Lewis, always well-mannered and agreeable, helped the boatmen, and made himself useful to the passengers. Catherine devoted herself to poor little John Buchanan, who was much frightened, and cheered her friends as well as she was able. The boat reached Liverpool about twenty-four hours after leaving the port; the party were all wet-through, hungry and miserable. Mr. Ashfield, very anxious for their safety, was at the pier to receive them, tidings of the storm having reached him. My mother often amused me by describing this singular experience.

After a two-days' rest, the same party, with the exception of Lewis, made another expedition to Beaumaris. They crossed the Mersey and were met by two post-chaises at Tranmere Ferry; they were driven to Chester, and thence made their way to the great Holyhead Road. The Barberees went to Holyhead and stayed with Captain

Skinner, Mrs. Barberee's brother, and commander of one of the five packets on that station. This man was washed overboard some years later, and drowned; he was much beloved, and a general favourite with all the better-class people of the neighbourhood. There is an obelisk to his memory on the high ground at Holyhead; Mrs. Barberee is buried near the same place. When the four ladies reached Beaumaris, they went to the hotel, where friends awaited them, and also an invitation to an assize-ball, which was readily accepted. But a difficulty presented itself, in that, although their dresses were suitable for a ball, not one of them had brought dancing-shoes. Augusta bought in the town a piece of blue silk, which matched her dress, to cover her slippers; Catherine and the others went to the shoemaker. They found he had only one last, and no suitable material; but he could buy white jean, and so the necessary orders were given. When the shoes in due time arrived, they proved to be very queer, mis-shapen articles.

Augusta told me that, when Catherine was dressed, she came dancing into her room, with her usual good temper, saying, "Girls! here are a pair of shoes an inch too short for me; I have got them on and mean to have a good dance in them." Mr. Robin and Lewis joined them for the ball. On leaving Beaumaris, the party made an expedition up Snowdon, visited Beddgelert and Carnarvon, and then separated.

Catherine went to pay a visit to Captain Skinner. By

him she was taken to Dublin, where she was warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Young. She remained with them for a week and then returned with Captain Skinner to Holyhead, where Lewis met her, and returned with her to Liverpool.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the spring of 1807, a friendship was formed which deeply affected Catherine's after life. The new friends were the family of King, then living at Woodchurch Rectory, in Cheshire. It was through Lewis that the acquaintance first sprang up. He was introduced to the Rev. Bryan King, by a Mr. Edward Blackstock, a lawyer. The Rector was a strikingly handsome man; his wife, Ellen, was an heiress, and the patroness of her husband's living; she was a pretty, sensible, and rather stately woman. There were also two daughters, of whom the elder, Margaret, was a clever girl, of a somewhat unsympathetic nature; Mary, the younger sister, was very beautiful, and gifted with a tender and graceful manner.

From the description which Lewis gave of the latter to Mr. Robin—how she looked when the firelight fell upon her cheek, her pensive expression and her soft gentle tones—he fell in love with her before he had seen her, and resolved to make her his wife. In due time Lewis introduced him to her, but for two years she rejected his pro-

posals. Finally she relented, and they were married and proved a very happy couple. He used to call her "my love," and she remained his love to the end of his long life. Mary Robin was my godmother. Mr. Robin's sister was the wife of Canon Durell, who entertained Mr. Ashfield and his party so hospitably at Durham.

Mr. Ashfield was already acquainted with Mr. King's eldest son, by name Joshua, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and curate of St. Stephen's, Byrom Street, at which church the Ashfields had a pew, having left Trinity Church. Joshua King was a great favourite with the family and had often visited at Bold Street. Mr. Ashfield was much pleased with all he had heard of the King family, and sent an invitation asking the two Miss Kings to spend a few days in Liverpool. The invitation was accepted, and the visit passed pleasantly. Not long afterwards Catherine, her brother Lewis, and Augusta, accompanied by two Miss Buchanans, a Miss Ewbank, and George King, younger brother of Joshua, spent a long summer's-day at Woodchurch.

They crossed the Mersey in a ferry-boat; the river was rough and the boat shipped water, and the pretty muslin gowns of the ladies were rather bedraggled when they landed at Tranmere Ferry. They were met by a carriage from the Rectory, which was only used on state occasions, and after a drive of five miles they arrived at Woodchurch, where they received a hospitable welcome.

The Rectory was of red brick with white stone dressings, large and handsome outside, roomy and rambling within. In front, was a square flower-court, approached from the road by picturesque steps; on each side of the small gates were red stone pillars, with carved pine-apples on the top. Behind the house was a large garden; an overarched nut-walk led to a summer-house, standing on high ground; on one side of the walk was the fruit-orchard, and on the other, damson and plum-trees grew. In the orchard, was a fine mulberry-tree of great age and size, which bore a profusion of fruit. The flower-garden was almost a wilderness; in it there were arches of roses and honeysuckle, bowers and shady seats. One feature of the garden was a large fish-pond, stocked with carp, perch, and tench. Water-lilies grew in the pond and barberry trees fringed its banks. The garden was always a source of pleasure to visitors, and Catherine and her friends found plenty to amuse and interest them. There was a dairy of fifty cows attached to the Rectory, where cheese was made daily; also a good poultry-yard.

A Mrs. Ewart, an old friend of the family and god-mother to my father, was paying a visit at the time at Woodchurch. This lady had a great dislike to crossing the Mersey, and never would do so, unless the Rector accompanied her; she was then waiting for one of his leisure days for her return crossing. Mrs. Ewart was mother of William Gladstone Ewart, who represented Liverpool for many years. She lived in a

large house in Soho Street, and her son lived at Moseley Hill.

After this first visit, the intimacy between the Kings and the Ashfields grew rapidly. George King was constantly in Bold Street, the old Rector dined there two or three times, and a day was fixed for Mr. Ashfield to visit Woodchurch and be introduced to Mrs. King. The day came and he started. He had crossed the river and was mounting the horse sent down to the Ferry to meet him, when he grazed the skin of his leg, which was always tender from an old gunpowder wound. The accident seemed trifling, but it frightened Mr. Ashfield, and sending apologies to Mrs. King by the groom, he returned home, and called in the doctor. The hurt was more serious than he had anticipated, and he was ordered to try the Harrogate waters.

The attachment between George King and Catherine dates from about this time, but no engagement took place until later in the year. Catherine knew how much her father esteemed the family, which convinced her that he would approve of the marriage, but she could not be induced to disturb him by consulting him about their engagement in his weakened and declining state of health.

It was in August of 1807 that Mr. Ashfield, accompanied by Catherine and Augusta, went to Harrogate. On the way they stopped at Manchester for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, who were living in Piccadilly. Mrs. Kirk was Catherine's old friend Ann Sykes. The time was

made interesting by visits to some of the great mills and factories, but to Augusta it was an unfortunate one. It was now that she met Robert Kirk, a younger brother of their host, whom she married five years later. He was a selfish, worldly man, in every way unworthy of Augusta, and her life was a miserable one from her wedding day. From Manchester the party drove to Harrogate, and put up at the "Dragon," a well-known hotel. They found pleasant people in the hotel; walks and drives by day, and balls by night, made the time pass pleasantly to Catherine and Augusta, but Mr. Ashfield did not enjoy the place, and after a stay of a few weeks left for Edinburgh. On the way they stopped at Berwick, in hopes of finding there a friend of Mr. Ashfield's boyhood. On alighting at the inn Mr. Ashfield enquired of the old landlady if Mr. Miller and his aged aunt, Mrs. Ridout, were still living. On being answered in the affirmative, he said he felt inclined to kiss his informant for telling him that which he had scarcely dared to hope. There was only one street in Berwick, and Mr. Miller's house was situated very near to the hotel; Mr. Ashfield lost no time in going thither. Mr. Miller was rejoiced to see his old friend, and would not allow him to return to the hotel. He was quite alone, Mrs. Miller having gone, with her two married daughters, to the Highlands. One of these daughters was the wife of Colonel Dalrymple and the other the wife of Admiral Minchin. Captain Dalrymple, a brother of the colonel's, also lived at Berwick. His wife, the Countess of Had-

dington, had gone to Scotland with Mrs. Miller, having heard of her father's death. Two younger daughters of the colonel were at home with their governess, and they, the captain, whom they called "Uncle Jemmy," and Mr. Miller, made the visit of three or four days a very pleasant one. They made excursions to Tantallon, mentioned in "Marmion," to the Bass Rock, and to the high hill called "the Law."

One incident during the visit caused a great shock to Catherine, from which it took her some days to recover. Her father wished her to pay her respects to Mrs. Ridout, who was ninety-five years of age. One of the Miss Dalrymples, a girl of ten, took Catherine to make the introduction. The room in which the old lady sat was oak-panelled and dimly lighted. The poor aged figure, wrinkled and parched, with a long bony face, dim staring eyes, and an aspect altogether corpse-like and unearthly, clad in a coloured wrapper and a close-fitting cap, was sitting erect in her chair, like a mummy, and almost as inanimate. Catherine's first impulse was to withdraw. But when the child spoke to Mrs. Ridout and told her who Catherine was, her face brightened up and she said, "Where are you going?" Catherine said, "To Edinburgh," and she replied, "I should like to go with you, but I have such a pain in my arm; however, I'll try for it." The little girl stood close to Catherine and reassured her. "Never mind her," she said, "she does not know a word she is saying." The old lady spoke again, "Give them cake

and wine," and then became quiet and lifeless as before.

From Berwick it was an easy journey to Edinburgh. They put up at Drumbeck's Hotel in St. Andrew's Square, but they were hospitably entertained at Mr. Gilchrist's, a banker, who, with his wife, showed them the city, Holyrood House, and the neighbourhood. In the evenings, they met the learned and intellectual society of the place. Mr. Ashfield was well and in good spirits, and the visit was a very enjoyable one, as he was able to enter heartily into all that was going on.

From Edinburgh they returned home. On the way south, as they were changing horses at Musselburgh, they met Lord and Lady Minto, who, travelling in their own coach, had stopped at the little inn for the same purpose. Mr. Ashfield had known Lord Minto as Sir Gilbert Eliot in America, and the greeting was as hearty as it was unexpected. Lord Minto gave them a pressing invitation to stop at Selkirk on their way, and to attend a ball which his son was giving that night. Catherine hesitated, knowing that neither she, nor Augusta, had dresses with them suitable for a ball. When Lord Minto handed them into their carriage he wished the young ladies pleasant partners. As they drove through Selkirk the next evening, the little town was full of carriages taking people to the ball, and they much regretted they had not availed themselves of the invitation.

After a few days' stay at Lancaster, spent in visiting

friends, they finally arrived at Liverpool early in October. Mr. Ashfield was very much strengthened and refreshed by this, one of the pleasantest of their tours.

It was the last he ever took. Soon after reaching home, his health began to fail, the trouble in his leg became more serious. He was attended by Mr. Park, who soon perceived that the end was not far off. Mortification had begun in the foot. The announcement of this was a great shock to Catherine. She had not realized how greatly she loved him, nor how closely her life was bound up in his; she hardly left him night or day. He died on the 28th of November, 1807, in the seventieth year of his age.

To Catherine his death brought a blank desolation of sorrow; she felt alone in the world. He had been father, mother, friend, and counsellor, and the very best of companions to her, and now she was bereaved of all.

Mr. Ashfield was buried at St. Ann's Church, Liverpool. Joshua King wrote an inscription* for his tombstone which ran as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of

VINCENT PEARCE ASHFIELD,

MERCHANT.

He was a man of virtue eminent and of talents sure, he was kind and benevolent to all, charitable according to his ability, strictly honest and

* He also wrote an interesting notice of him, which appeared in the newspapers at the time.

scrupulously exact in his dealing with men ; a sincere friend, a good husband, an indulgent father, and a valuable member of society.

He died with the firm resolution of a man and the animated hope of a Christian, universally lamented, 28th November, 1807.

AGED 69 YEARS.

Ad terram corpus, sed mens migravit ad astra.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Ashfield, a man of sound judgment and good sense, could never be brought to see the failings of his son Lewis. As has been said, he indulged him in every way from his earliest childhood, with the natural result that a noble character was ruined.

In his will, drawn up by himself, Mr. Ashfield left all his property to be equally divided between his son and his daughter, expressing the hope "that they will always live on affectionate terms,"—which hope was not realized. Catherine inherited some property, probably from her grandmother, of which Lewis claimed a share. Differences arose, and the questions at issue were formally committed to a Mr. Leak for arbitration, who gave the award in favour of Catherine.

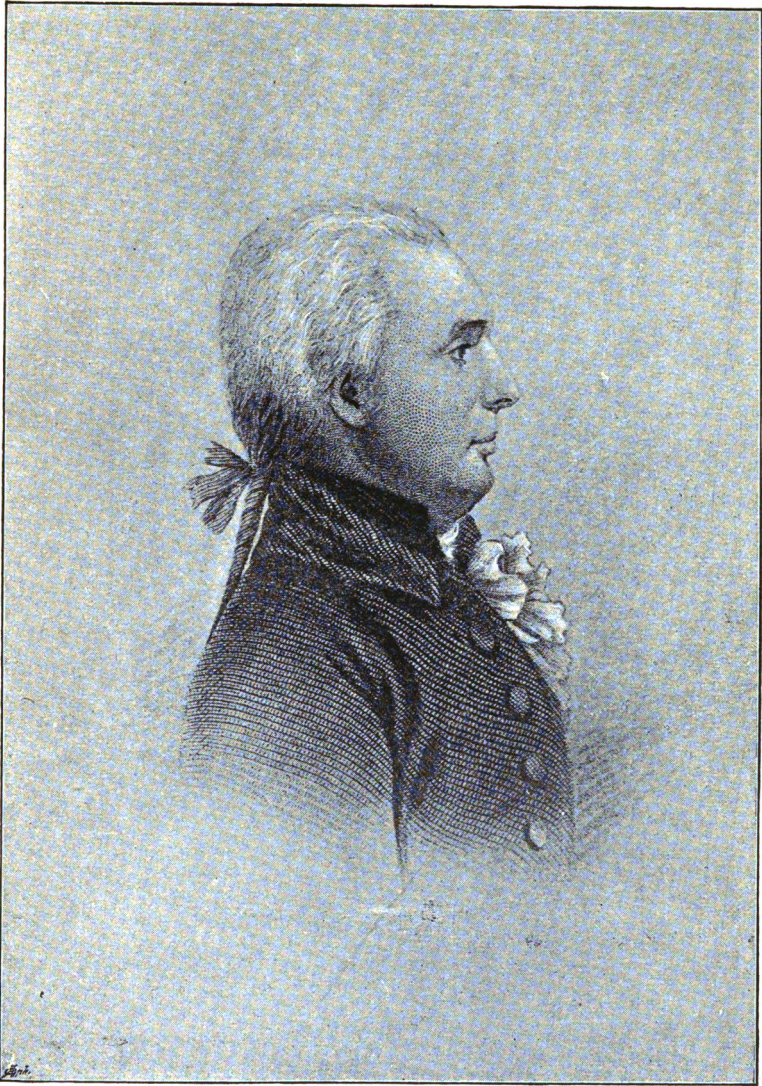
At the end of the year Catherine's engagement to Mr. George King, which had been delayed in consideration of her father's state of health, was definitely concluded.

A few months after Mr. Ashfield's death, the house in Bold Street was given up, and a sale of the furniture took place. Much of it was bought in for Catherine, who had laid no claim even to what was actually her own, viz. that

which her father had given her for her bedroom and study. The plate was weighed, and at her desire the heaviest scale was given to Lewis. To him, too, she gave the family Bible, which subsequently she deeply regretted, as he sold it. During the sale, Catherine and Augusta stayed at Mrs. Logan's, thence they went to Greenfield, near Eccles, where they remained for three or four months with Mr. and Mrs. Kirk (*née* Sykes).

During this visit to her old friend, Catherine received a kind and hospitable invitation, from her Uncle Gouverneur Morris, to go and live with him at Morrisania. The offer was a liberal one, but Catherine declined it on account of her engagement. Even had it been otherwise, I do not think she would have accepted it; she had many friends in England to whom she was much attached, and her recollections of Morrisania were far from being altogether happy. Her friends in Liverpool were anxious she should pay visits for some months, in order that the change and variety might help to restore her health and spirits. Before long, to all outward appearances, Catherine was her old bright self again; but to the end of her life she never ceased to mourn her father, and held his memory in the tenderest affection.

From Manchester, Catherine and Augusta went to Bristol to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and their only daughter. On the Ashfields' previous visit to these friends, Miss Hunt had just been introduced, and was a remarkably handsome girl. Since those days she had married a Mr. Poole,



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

a very delightful and a wealthy man, and had become a sort of leader of fashion in the neighbourhood. But she was no longer the handsome girl that Catherine had known ; she was the very shadow of her former self, and in extremely delicate health. Catherine was much shocked at the change, and still more so when she learnt the cause. Mrs. Poole not only painted but used enamel, which is often fatal, and she died a few months subsequently. It had become a sort of infatuation in the unhappy woman, and neither her mother nor her husband had sufficient influence to make her give up the practice.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were very kind to Catherine, and did their utmost to make the visit pleasant and entertaining. Mr. Hunt took her and Augusta a driving excursion with a drag and four horses, and they paid a visit to a cousin of Mrs. Hunt's, a Mr. Payne, who lived at Wells, in a large house near the Cathedral. He was partner in a bank, the firm being Payne and Hope. He was also private secretary to Mr. Canning. He was an intelligent and amiable man, approaching middle age and very nice-looking. Under his direction the party explored Glastonbury Abbey and the cave known as Wokey Hole ; the latter is remarkable for its stalactites, which look like pillars supporting a groined roof, and for other forms of petrification. My mother used to mention a petrified playbill, the print of which could be read without difficulty. Mr. Payne was much fascinated with Catherine, and Mr. Hunt fearing serious consequences, jokingly told him that "Majesty had acknowledged her

charms, and George King of England, had proposed to her and been accepted." Mr. Payne took the hint and nothing further happened.

While Catherine was away paying visits, her friends in Liverpool were arranging a new home for her. A house of red brick was selected, which stood in a garden and had a window on each side of the door; it was situated at the top of Roscommon Street, at Everton, in a neighbourhood quite new to Catherine, and very near to some of her oldest and kindest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tattersall, of Everton Terrace.

It was late in the summer of 1808 that Catherine returned, after a long series of visits, and went to live in the house her friends had taken for her, which was fitted up with the Bold Street furniture, and looked very home-like, with a little garden well stocked with flowers. She began her new life amidst fresh surroundings with content, if not happiness. Augusta was with her, and her old friends welcomed her with much affection. Her future husband was settled as a merchant in partnership with Mr. Robin. George King's office was in Manisty Lane, near St. Peter's Church, and he had frequent opportunities of visiting Catherine.

The marriage took place on Saturday, April 15th, 1809. Mrs. Tattersall took Catherine and her two bridesmaids, Augusta and Miss Buchanan, to St. Ann's Church, in St. Ann's Street, where the bridal party was assembled. George King's brother, Bryan, was best man, the Rector of Wood-

church married them, and Mr. Ashfield's old friend, Mr. Welsh, gave her away. After the ceremony, the large gathering of friends adjourned to Mrs. Dickenson's house, where they partook of a sumptuous breakfast. This lady was like a mother to Catherine. The wedding present which she gave her is now in my possession; it consisted of a pearl necklace and spray for the hair, and pearl and diamond earrings.

A short wedding tour was taken in a postchaise. Augusta went with them. They spent a few days at Ellesmere, as Catherine wished to see a ladies' school at that place, which was about to be given up, and to which she hoped Fanny Young might succeed. The house belonged to the Rector of the parish, and she soon learned all she wished to know. Thus her married life, true to her bringing up, began with an act of kindness.

From Ellesmere they travelled through Chester to Woodchurch, arriving there on Thursday evening. The reception was not so hearty as Catherine's affectionate heart could have desired; it lacked the warmth and kindness of the welcome that had been given her when she visited Woodchurch during her father's lifetime. The Rector was always kind to her, but Margaret and Mary King had little in common with their brother's wife. She had lived in the world, had travelled, and had many friends and many interests. They, on the contrary, had for the most part led a retired country life, away from the world, seldom going away from home, except to attend occasionally the

Chester Assemblies. They spent their time chiefly in the garden (they were very skilful with flowers and learned in botany), or else in visiting the sick and the poor. Each of them had a small spinning-wheel, and they made many garments for the needy.

However, Catherine had a warm welcome from the Rector, and on Friday morning the bells rang a merry peal. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. George King went to their own house in Roscommon Street, where they were joined the next day by Margaret and Mary King, who came to accompany them to church, and to "sit up" and receive friends during the week. On their arrival at Liverpool, the Miss Kings walked from the Pier Head, giving their luggage, a horse-hair trunk, into the hands of a trusty porter, with full directions where it was to be sent. Nothing was heard or seen of it for more than a week, the inconvenience was great, and the discussions and enquiries for the missing trunk long and perplexing. On the day of departure, it was traced to a house in St. Ann Street, where it had been taken by mistake.

On Catherine's marriage, Augusta went to live with her sister at Ellesmere, and the two dear friends rarely met in after-life.

In 1810, on the 26th of January, Catherine's eldest son was born. He was called Vincent Ashfield; Mrs. Hunt was his godmother. Soon after this event, Catherine and George moved to Cazneau Street, as being much nearer to his office. On Holy Innocents' Day, 1812, another son

was born; he was called Bryan; Augusta was his god-mother.

Three months later, on the 10th of March, 1812, Augusta was married to Mr. Robert Kirk. I well remember my mother describing the wedding, which took place at St. Ann's Church, with the Rector of Woodchurch officiating. There was a large party, including several members of the King family, and many old friends of Mr. Ashfield, who were pleased to do honour to his adopted daughter.

George King was not present, being on a visit to his brother, the Rector of Bethnal Green. At the breakfast, Catherine took one end of the long table, and her old friend Mrs. Tattersall presided at the other. A beautiful service of old Worcester china was used upon the occasion, deep blue, fluted, with gold edges. Mrs. Tattersall happened to have one exactly the same as Catherine's, and had lent it for the breakfast, so that nothing less costly than old Worcester was seen on the table.

The bridesmaid, a Miss Parsons, who afterwards married Mr. Dixon, accompanied them on their journey. Mrs. Dixon's story is rather a sad one: she died soon after the birth of her second child, and the two children were killed during one of the heavy gales at Liverpool, by a chimney falling through the roof beneath which they slept.

Augusta seems previously to her marriage to have had many admirers. I have heard my mother apply to her the

adage, "Through the wood and through the wood, and take a crooked stick at last."

Time went on, and Catherine's family was increased by another boy, George Smith, and two daughters, Ellen and Catherine. They were all christened at St. Ann's Church by their grandfather; the youngest four were born in Cazneau Street. Catherine's life was a very full and active one. Her acts of kindness were constant and unwearied; she was very sympathetic, a true friend to rich and poor. Her ear was ever open to those in trouble, or difficulty, and many came to her for comfort and for counsel.

What our mother was to us it is difficult to express in words. Guide, comforter, and most delightful companion all in one, without her our pleasures would have lost their zest. She never failed us, she took a real interest in all we cared for, she was ever bright and cheerful, and loved fun and merriment. I well remember how she initiated us into the innocent amusements of All Fools' Day, and many were the jokes she devised for our entertainment. She also gave us our first lessons about Valentine's Day; she planned and arranged with us whom we should write to, and helped us in our compositions, and checked with a gentle hand our little vanities. I recollect one day a young man brought her one of her own valentines to read and asked her opinion about it; she said, "It is meant kindly, lay it to heart."

Catherine inherited her father's gift of recitation, and in-

stilled into us a love of poetry. We all had our favourite songs and tunes too ; the " Church Songs," as we called them, we were very fond of—the " Te Deum," the Canticles, or Tate and Brady, all came alike to her. Her conversation was always interesting, her mind was a repository of droll stories, of proverbs and quaint sayings. She was never too busy to listen to our childish troubles, or to join in our innocent chatter. She could not bear to see us idle ; she taught us all kinds of games, and whatever we did, she would have us do well. In the long winter evenings, we were set down with pencils and paper at trials to our intellect and our memory.

She wrote constantly to any of the children who were absent from home. In after-life, when my brothers were far away, her letters were their greatest joy. It is a curious fact that the only letter I possess of hers is one to Gouverneur Morris, which is in the peculiar stilted style of the period, and shall be inserted at the end of this book.

I think Catherine's chief happiness was centred in her children, and we on our part almost worshipped her. As we grew older, our love grew deeper and more intense. I have often heard my brothers say that they owed everything to her. My mother was the idol of my childhood ; no sacrifice would have been too great, made for her sake. She was the very light of my life ; I never left the house without a farewell word to her, and on returning my first thought was of her. And, happily for me, we were rarely parted as long as she lived.

Loyalty was one of the strong points of my mother's character, it was almost a religion with her, and she would never allow a single disrespectful word to be spoken of the "powers that be." Her feelings to George III. were full of love and veneration.

Naturally, Catherine, carefully trained as she had been, looked upon the education of her children as a matter of deep importance; and yet, very characteristically, as will be seen, in the case of her daughters she allowed it to come second to love of doing kindnesses. She herself prepared her boys for school, and as soon as they were old enough, sent them to day schools, to a Dr. Pulford's and a Mr. Thornbury's. Bryan was entered at Shrewsbury School, as he was to go to Oxford; Vincent and George, being intended for business, went to offices in Liverpool, as soon as their school-time was over. Thinking now over the days that are gone, and what my brothers were to me, and to each other, and to all with whom they came in contact, I can only describe them as beautiful boys. The blamelessness of their lives, the high principles on which they acted, their industry at their work, every word and deed, made them appear, as indeed they were, pure, open-hearted, and true as the day. A quarrel was unknown in our house, no angry word was ever heard.

Each of the boys had his own interests and special tastes: most of their pocket-money was spent at the old book stalls. Vincent's tastes were for ships and warfare—Wellington's despatches were his delight; he had a great desire to go

into the army, but his father, being a poor man, felt unable to gratify the wish.

George, my youngest brother, was universally popular, gifted with an intense love of fun and an inexhaustible fund of buoyant spirits. He was very fond of ghost stories and romances. A book he picked up, probably at some second-hand book-stall, filled with tales of haunted castles, and of ghosts, was his delight. I well remember the book; it was a large, well-bound volume, with "Ann Murphy" printed, in gold letters, on the back; and many were the jokes this book and its title gave rise to amongst us. Apart from ghost stories, George had a great liking for ancient buildings, and was especially interested in the study of architecture.

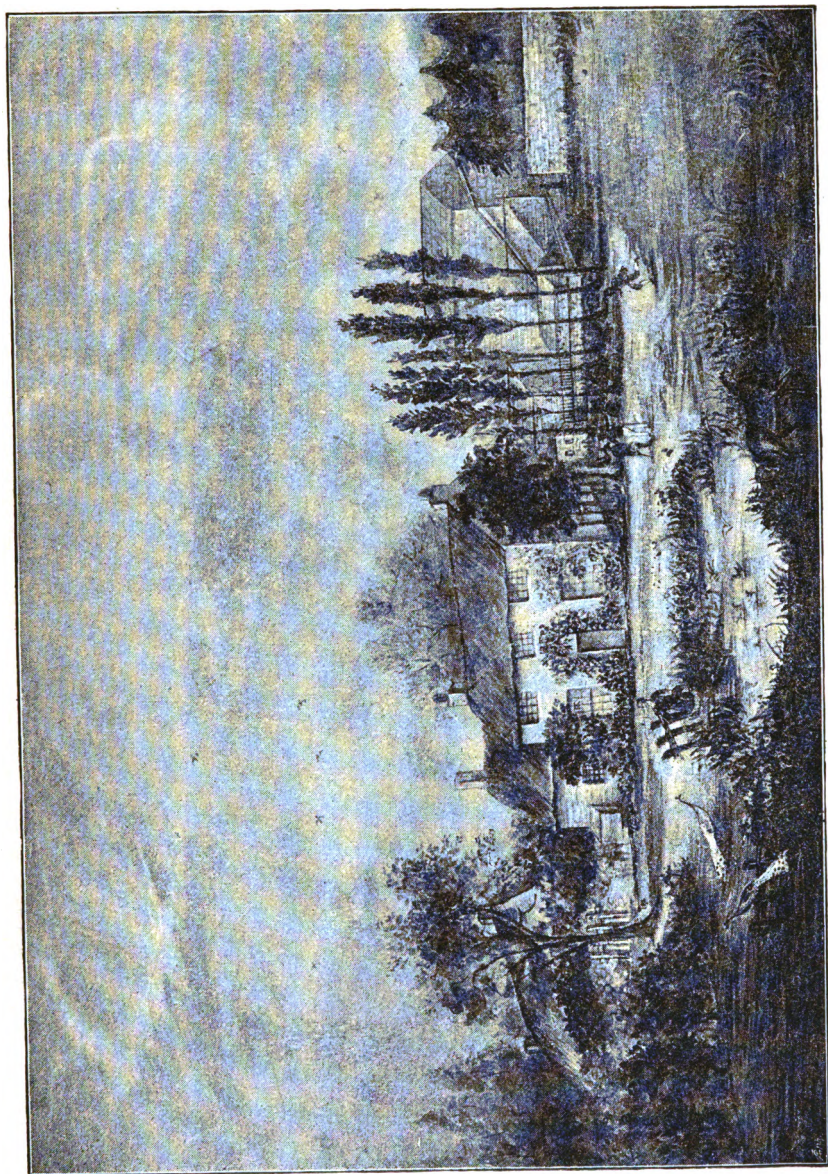
My sister Catherine and myself, as we grew up, had a governess, a Miss Houghton, well educated and agreeable, but not clever. She was selected because her father had failed in business, and she was one of a family of ten children. She lived with us for eight years, and I never could understand why my mother chose such an incompetent person, for I was allowed to do exactly as I liked, and got my education chiefly from my mother and my brothers.

My father inherited some shares in the Lyceum Library, and knowing the librarian, we were well supplied with books, and always got the new ones as they came out. We also took in the *Quarterly Review*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and two newspapers a week.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1820 or 21 my father purchased a small property in Cheshire. It consisted of a cottage standing in a garden, with an orchard and a fish-pond, a few fields and some farm buildings ; the name of the house was "Heath Cottage."

An incident connected with this fish-pond I mention here, as it is one of considerable interest to myself. When five years old I was nearly drowned in this pond. My brothers on their half holidays used to sail their boats there, and one afternoon, as I was standing alone on the steps leading down to the water,—the boys had left the pond for a few minutes and gone to their workshops,—the gate of the fish-pond, which for safety was made to close of itself, fell to behind me and knocked me into the water. I remember perfectly all that happened. As I floated about I tried to tie my bonnet strings ; I was not in the least frightened and felt no pain ; my sensations were smooth, calm, and pleasurable ; I knew when I sank to the bottom, and I think I was just conscious when I felt my father's hand holding me. But I knew nothing more for some hours, till I awoke and found myself wrapped in a blanket and lying on my mother's lap before a fire.



HEATH COTTAGE.

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It was some minutes before my father dived for me. As soon as I was missed a search was begun, enquiry made at Betty Bennett's cottage, and when I was nowhere to be found, "old George" said he had heard a splash, and my father at once jumped into the pond and saved me. For some unknown reason my parents never spoke of this incident, or liked it to be talked about.

Heath cottage was two miles from Tranmere Ferry and three from Woodchurch. It stood quite alone, the only other habitation near being the long, low-roofed cottage of the old woman Betty Bennett, already mentioned. From the time that my father took possession, we always spent our summer in Cheshire, going thither in April and returning to Liverpool in November. After one or two summers spent at the tiny cottage, my father enlarged it by the addition of a drawing-room and several bedrooms, which, though it did not add to the picturesque appearance of the house, considerably increased our comfort. We kept two farm servants, Thomas Duke and Joseph Totty; the wife of the latter was the dairy woman. John Bennett, the son of old Betty, took care of the horses. Old Betty was famous for her rice puddings, which she cooked in our kitchen; she used to tell us that there was "nothing foreign in them, just a cup of rice, some sugar, a bit of nutmeg and perhaps a clove."

George Williamson, alias "old George," was the gardener; he was a picturesque old man, with white curls falling over

his shoulders. He was very obstinate, and never would give up his own way; if we suggested any change, he would reply, "I won't do it." When we argued he said, "I tell yow, yow mann't do it." His special pride was in the new potatoes, and we always had a dish much earlier than our neighbours. I can see him now at his work—and the pains he took! There was a long south border under a thick hedge, beside the border was a grass path, and there stood his barrow. He had recently dug and laid the border out in furrows. His way of planting was wonderful; the potatoes were in his coat pocket, (he never took off his coat when at work), each potato was placed at exactly the right distance apart, and a hole made for it in the trench; before it was set he looked at it, turned it over, rubbed it over with his thumb to be sure it was sound, and, when finally it was put in, a little mould was delicately adjusted round it, to keep it in its right position, till the whole row was buried. The old man brought skill, and patience to bear upon potato planting. He kept us children in good order; we were never allowed to gather an apple—indeed, seldom to pick up a fallen one, without special leave from "old George."

We had a poultry yard, and we also kept dogs as a protection and as companions, among which were a few greyhounds, as my father was fond of coursing. We had a pony, on which we all learnt to ride, and a beautiful horse, "Doll," trained to carry "double," which, like many other good things, was a present from Woodchurch.

Woodchurch was like a second home to us. We generally spent our Sundays there. Our way lay over Oxton Hill, and along lanes which were almost impassable, except for carts. My earliest recollection of going to church was upon our horse "Doll," who by herself walked up to the horse-mount, as soon as she was equipped with saddle, pillion, and pad. I rode on the pad in front of my father, and my mother on the pillion behind. The latter seat was a handsome one, covered with cream and purple plush, with a rail at the back and sides. My father walked up and down the steep hill, Doll picked her own way, and always stopped at the same place for my father to remount. Doll was a fine specimen of the pillion horses, which were always large, with broad backs, and very docile; occasionally my mother took her baby on her lap. In my early years I was ordered sea-bathing, and was taken by "old George" on Doll to a bathing place near Tranmere Ferry.

Our neighbours at Heath Cottage were few and far between. Our aunt, Mrs. Robin, was settled at Grove Hill, a pretty place on the banks of the Dee, distant from us about seven miles. My brothers used to go to their schools and offices across the Mersey in one of the small, strongly-built ferry-boats, which carried three sails. Each boat had three skilled men, who belonged to the better class of people living on the Cheshire side, and were well known to our family. Care and knowledge was required in the management of these boats, as the river was often rough and the gales apt to be violent. If, as sometimes happened,

the tide and wind were adverse, it was difficult to cross at all, and the passage could only be made by tacking and rowing, and going many miles up or down the river, in which case the crossing took about two hours to accomplish. My brothers were great friends with the boatmen, and used always to help to ferry the boat across, and sometimes when timid people happened to be among the passengers, the boat would pitch and ship spray in a most unexpected manner, and I knew my brothers were accountable.

I used to cross the ferry twice a week with my brothers, for music lessons in Liverpool. We had one memorable crossing; a great gale was blowing, the sea was unusually high, and the boatmen had received orders not to cross until the storm was over. George persuaded some of the boatmen, who were his friends, to take us two across, as we had no fear of a rough sea; and there is little doubt that the men would have been dismissed for disobeying orders, had not my father interfered, and laid the entire blame upon his son.

We had not been long at Heath Cottage before my mother had won the love of her poor neighbours for many miles round. She had a remedy for all their ailments, and a ready ear for their complaints. I remember one of the old ferry boatmen saying he believed, if he was dead in his bed, Mrs. King could bring him to life again with some of her wonderful "stuffs." At times the people came at inconvenient hours. I was impatient at her being disturbed, and wished to have them sent away. She reproved

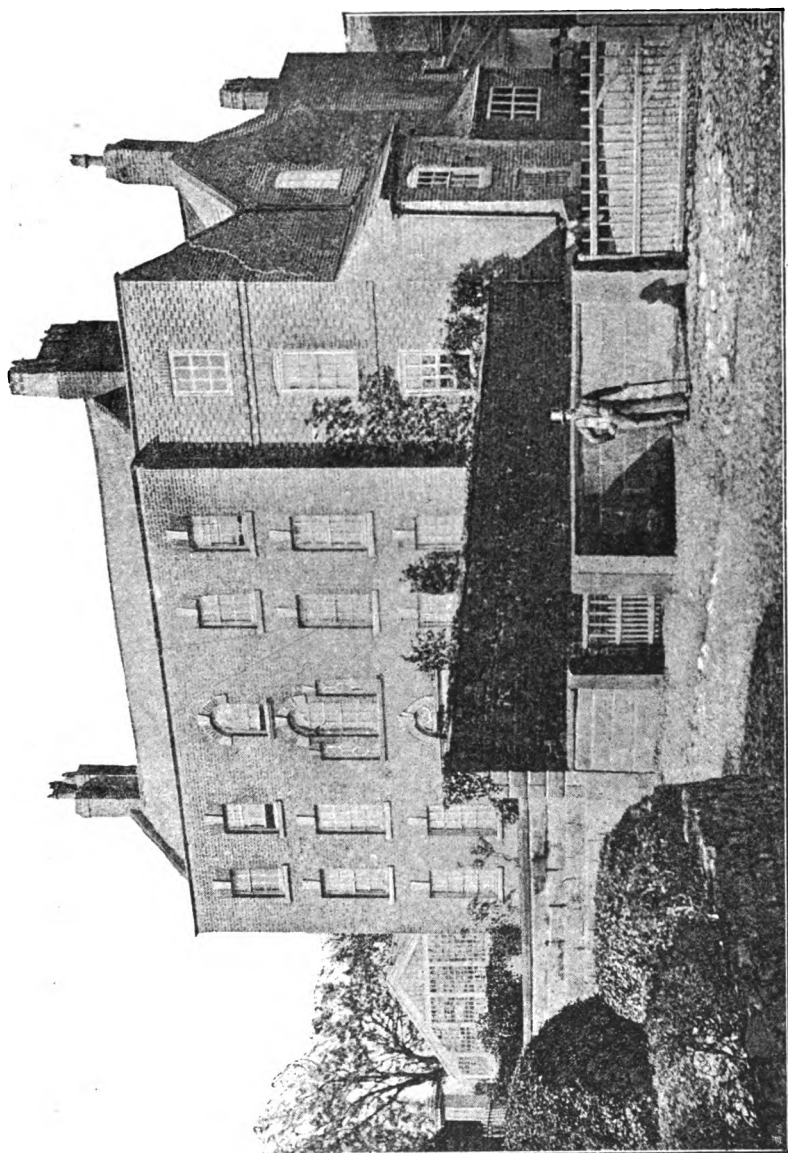
me with a grave look, saying—"a baby must not cough all night, nor a person lie awake with pain, if I can help it." About this time we noticed that she always worked for poor people on a Friday. She never spoke of this observance, but it was apparent to us, week by week.

CHAPTER VI.

WOODCHURCH.

WOODCHURCH was so great a feature in our young lives that my sketch would be incomplete without a special notice of the place and the people.

From our earliest days, we always went to Woodchurch immediately after Christmas Day. We met our cousins, the Robins, there, and spent a very happy fortnight. Everything was made as pleasant to us as could be. If there was a frost, we had skating on the pond, we girls using our aunt's pattens, which were good substitutes for skates. If the morning was wet, a toffee-making took place, at which we all helped. The elders weighed out the material, in the well-stocked storeroom, while we younger ones grated lemon-peel, or blanched the almonds, or helped in stirring the contents of the huge copper saucepans. On a fine morning, we were sent out to the poor cottages and the small farm-houses, with kind messages, and in some cases more substantial offerings; these visits were very pleasant episodes during our Christmas holiday. In the evening the Mummers came and acted their plays in the servant's hall, and the carol-singers sang outside the



THE RECTORY, WOODCHURCH.

windows. I need not say all were liberally regaled, when these services were finished.

The supper hour was at eight o'clock ; the meal much resembled our present dinner, only it was of a lighter kind, and vegetables formed a prominent part. Early vegetables always appeared first on the supper-table ; they were good in themselves and well and carefully cooked, and always much enjoyed. In the winter we had artichokes, and that leisurely dish seemed more suitable at supper than at dinner. I never can resist an artichoke now, and they always bring before my eyes those pleasant supper-tables. The bread was good, and in great variety. There was the leavened loaf, dark-brown, which, being raised by leaven instead of yeast, was slightly sour, but was very delicious ; there was the household loaf, and plenty of fancy bread. A profusion of fruit stood on the sideboard. Between tea and supper we usually played round games, my Uncle Joshua and Mr. Cukitt, who was always a visitor at such times, being the life and soul of the party.

It was about the year 1821 that a great sorrow clouded the happy home, by the sudden death of our grandfather, the rector of Woodchurch. One Sunday he had taken the service in the church as usual ; his text for the sermon was, "Thou art the man," and he spoke of being ready for any sudden call : his words were striking and impressive. During the week he got wet while working in the garden ; in

flammation and fever came on, and he died at the end of the week. My grandmother never recovered from the effects of the overwhelming sorrow, which the death of that kind-hearted, gentle, and affectionate husband caused her. He was a man of fine character, brave, and generous.

At the time only Margaret was living at home ; Bryan, the son, had died ; and Mary was married and, as I have already said, was living at Grove Hill. Joshua King was presented to the living by his mother ; he still retained his college living of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, but he came and lived at Woodchurch. He treated his mother with the most reverent love and respect, and as long as she lived, she continued to be the head of the house. She wore deep mourning always, and the rectory pew in the Church was lined and cushioned with black. She used to come into Church leaning on her son's arm, and Sunday after Sunday she sat in that pew and wept. I am ashamed to say it was a regular amusement to the grandchildren to watch for the pocket handkerchief being taken out, the sure sign of tears beginning to flow.

After the death of my grandfather, I often stayed for weeks together at the old house. The garden was the joy of my heart ; the walks, the flowers, and the summer-house, all had special attraction for me, and I never cared to go beyond it. The cheese-making interested me very much, and once I was allowed to make a large cheese without any help, and to carry it home to Heath Cottage. Everything that went on in that busy household was a

pleasure to me. Very frequently I was sent to the cottages near, to see the old people, and to take them some dainty, or other acceptable present; I was never sent empty-handed. Perhaps I am partial to this place where I spent so many happy days, and learnt so much that no books can teach. The linen was spun at home; it was the custom for the maids to spin in the evenings till eight o'clock, and the hum of the spinning wheels was a pleasant sound to hear. Quantities of flannel, calico, and print were kept ready at hand for cutting out and making up, as occasion required, for the poor or sick.

The life at Woodchurch was a secular one; if any were sick, coals and food and comforts were sent with an ungrudging hand; and in cases of serious illness, when the Rector was sent for, he at once obeyed the summons; but no other pastoral visits were made, nor was parochial work of any sort done. My uncle, Joshua King, was a fine portly man, fond of sport, and a very good shot; he kept dogs and a gamekeeper. He was a strong Tory, and his letters and articles in the local newspapers were well known in the country round. He was kind-hearted, like his father, and very liberal; there were few poor clergy in the neighbourhood who had not received benefits and kindness from him.

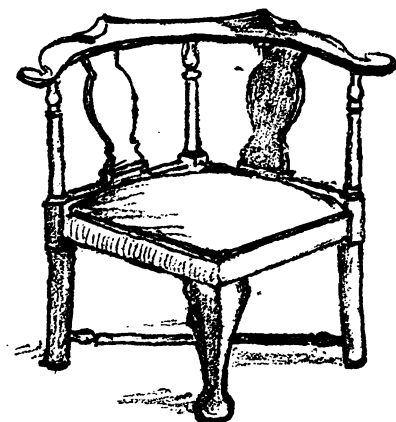
My uncle was always kind and good to me; when I was living at Cambridge, after my marriage, he sent me a valuable horse, which we called "Joshua;" and when my husband was appointed Dean of Ely he sent me a cheque

for £100, with a message to ask for another if I wanted it, as "drawing-room curtains were expensive things to buy."

My grandmother, as I have said, remained the head of the house. She was a clever woman, loving and kind. She was my godmother, after whom I was called, and was always fond of me ; she used to call me " my child." She taught me to read, out of her large prayer-book, and to learn by heart. When I was able to repeat " The grace of our Lord," etc., correctly, she gave me sixpence as a reward. I always received a liberal allowance of pocket money from her. It was a pretty sight, in her old age, to see her table arranged for the day—a Bible, a prayer-book, some other book, a piece of charity work, and a fresh flower laid on the table, never in water. She would take the flower up from time to time and look at it and lay it down again. She sat in a mahogany chair, with a square seat and mahogany back. I never saw her, even when eighty years of age, use an easy or a lounging chair. She died when she was eighty-six.

There was a simple dignity about the people and the place such as I have never since seen ; the furniture was homely yet handsome, the china old and beautiful, and there was a large and fine collection of family plate, which I think came from my grandmother's family. The silver urn had the same pine-apple ornament on the top which, in stone, was carved on the two old pillars of the gateway.

The hospitality was profuse ; all were welcome, poor and



MY GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

rich alike. In the great kitchen, at one end, stood a dresser with a form in front of it. Every morning on this dresser was spread a home-spun linen cloth, and there were placed upon it two loaves, one of leavened bread, the other yeast, a large piece of cheese, jugs of milk and whey, with pewter plates, and mugs. And day by day might be seen there poor people of all descriptions—the postman, pedlars, beggars, or tramps; all were sure of a welcome and a hearty meal at the Rectory. Once a week two or three half-witted people came for food and a dole of money. One of the family always had an interview and a talk with these persons, in order to see that they were properly cared for in their lodgings; there were no asylums for such poor creatures in those days. This hospitality was scarcely ever abused; the manner of the people was respectful, and they left the house quietly when they had finished their meal.

The eldest daughter, Margaret, was living at home at this time, and it was to her that my grandmother left the whole of the family plate. Margaret, at her death, left a third portion of it to my father, and subsequently I became possessor of a fourth share of that portion.

As I have said, we always spent Sunday at Woodchurch; these were uncongenial days to my mother—not that the services were performed in a slovenly manner, but they were formal and heartless. My uncle had a fine voice and was a good reader, but he never wrote a sermon; every Sunday morning he would open a closet, a repository of

sermons written by previous generations, and take two out for the day. Not unfrequently he might be heard giving directions to his servant in the vestry as to the day and place, when he was going to shoot during the week, or it might be about some farm operation.

The music of the church was left entirely to the organist, who was blind; the choir consisted of two or three men and women, who sat near him in the gallery. The numbers of the psalms were chalked up on a large blackboard, which was put in a conspicuous place. I remember one Sunday I had finished teaching my class of children earlier than usual, and was sitting unobserved in our high pew while a practice was going on in the organ loft; the organist was trying to learn a tune which was being sung to him by a friend. He made many ineffectual efforts to play the tune, and at last threw up his hands, saying, "Dom it, I can't coteh it."

The communion was administered once in three months; the alms were divided upon the table and distributed at the time to the old and the poor, who remained after the service, and received the gifts kneeling.

There was an old charity of bread for the poor; every Sunday, loaves, made of fine white flour, were placed upon a shelf near the south door and given to the people by the churchwardens as they left the church.*

* As I was writing this I came upon the following passage in Jes-sop's "Coming of the Friars." "As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest, the labourer looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy,

This sketch of Woodchurch would be incomplete, if I omitted to mention James Cukitt. He was an intimate friend, and a frequent guest under that hospitable roof. He had his own room—the White Room—always kept ready for him; and he used to leave clothes in the drawers, and various articles about the room. He was a great favourite and always more than welcome; he would arrive without warning or invitation, and go away equally unexpectedly, without a word. He very often left the house early in the morning, before the family were up, and if the doors were fastened he would get out through a window.

He had been in the navy, but when I knew him he was living upon his own property at Mughul, near Liverpool. He was a handsome man, with well-defined features, a smooth fine brow, which reminded one of Napoleon, and beautiful dark eyes. He was very original, and his wit was the highest and keenest I ever heard; he was one of nature's geniuses. He was a good sportsman, and had travelled a good deal, he had a fund of stories and anecdotes from his own personal experience, which made him one of the most interesting companions I ever met.

Upon one occasion Mr. Cukitt, while on board a man-of-war, was taken prisoner by the French with about twenty

and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe-leather."

of his comrades. They were in prison for nine months, about the end of which time Mr. Cukitt thought of a plan by which they might escape. The gaoler had a very pretty daughter, he pretended to be in love with her, and made her many promises if she would help him to regain his liberty. She did so, and he and all his friends got safely away to a port, and had embarked for England before they were missed at the gaol.

Mr. Cukitt was very fond of dogs; he often accompanied the family shooting party into North Wales, and taught the younger members how to shoot and train the dogs. Upon one occasion my cousin, Ellen Robin, and I went with them; Mr. Cukitt helped us to order dinner, which was a difficult matter, as the farmer's wife could neither speak English, nor cook. I remember one day he made a jam roll himself; the pudding was not very good, but it gave rise to endless fun. My uncle Joshua was very fond of him and always called him Jim.

I often stayed at Woodchurch to help my uncle with his visitors. During the summer he usually had his senior curate from Bethnal Green, with his wife, for a month. The Rector was rather irritated because Mr. and Mrs. Mayne would come down late for breakfast. Mr. Cukitt listened to his grumbling one morning and remarked, "I'll get 'em down to-morrow as early as thou could wish." We thought no more of this, but at six o'clock the next morning I heard the splashing of water outside the part of the house where the Maynes were sleeping, and on

going to ascertain the cause I saw ladders being carried and heard cries of "Fire." Mr. and Mrs. Mayne were down by seven o'clock that morning. It was difficult to be grave during breakfast, when the fire was discussed.

I have alluded to our old friend's way of ending his visit; he never gave a hint as to when he would leave. One day, a friend and I had arranged that he should drive us to Chester. He drove well and he liked taking us out, and on the previous day he entered readily into the plan. We were to start at six o'clock, have luncheon at the "Royal," call on some friends, do our shopping and return in the evening. The drive was about sixteen miles. Mr. Cukitt spoke to the coachman about the horses, and the carriage had an extra polish. Having given his directions, he brought us two handkerchiefs to hem for him. He was particularly anxious we should go early to bed, so as to be ready in the morning for the breakfast at 7.30. We came downstairs punctually, and the first question was, "Where is Mr. Cukitt?" He was nowhere to be found, he had left at 6.30, without even a message. In spite of our disappointment it was impossible to be angry with him; he was much too fascinating and charming for that.

CHAPTER VII.

SUCH were the surroundings at Heath Cottage. Our home was humble, but we were a merry party, we were rich in health, and rich in brotherly love, and our life was a very happy one. The garden was a great enjoyment to us, we each had our own. George's and mine were the best kept, and most full of flowers. We lived out of doors, often carrying the tea and supper-tables on to the gravel walk. The fruit gathering was a pleasant time; we helped to fill baskets and hampers, which were sent out to those who had no gardens, or were too poor to buy. The return of my brothers in the evening was a happy part of the day, we always walked across the fields to meet them.

After Bryan went to Oxford, he was at home only during the vacations. We younger ones always looked up to Bryan; he was so good, and clever. He was very handsome, and my mother was very proud of him; amongst our neighbours he was called "my lord."

My mother's old friend, Mrs. Kirk, was an annual visitor at our house, and generally came for a fortnight about Whitsuntide. She was very pretty, and bright and lively and we all enjoyed her company very much. Friends of

my brothers' used to come frequently from Saturday till Monday; they were always welcome, as my mother thought it not only a kindness but a duty to offer hospitality to young men living away from their own homes and families.

I have tried to tell what my mother's life was; it may be interesting to add some account of her appearance. The earliest record I possess is from the late Mrs. King, of Queen's Lodge, Cambridge, who told me that when she was a child living at Everton, she used to hear my mother spoken of as "the handsome Miss Ashfield." But my remembrance of her is not that of a specially handsome woman. She was tall, had a good figure and regular features, a fine complexion, blue eyes and masses of brown hair. Perhaps the most striking part of her appearance was her brilliant colouring; when in our young days she was dressed for an evening party, with a silk turban or a "du Barri" on her head, we thought her superb! My mother was left-handed, or rather, ambidexter, for she used both hands indifferently, and both of them neatly and deftly; I have seen her cut out with her left hand most beautifully.

My brother Bryan, when at school at Shrewsbury, was at one time dangerously ill with rheumatic fever. My mother went to nurse him, and stayed at Dr. Butler's house. The invalid was attended by Dr. Darwin, whose clever and original mind charmed my mother. They had long conversations together, and she returned home much impressed

with his theories and hints regarding health. Calico sheets were more conducive to health than linen ones, under sheets better than blankets, and so on; and notwithstanding her anxiety, the visit was a very agreeable one to her. Dr. and Mrs. Butler were very kind to her. It was a happy sight to us when the post-chaise drove up, and our dear invalid was lifted out, and laid on a bed prepared for him in the drawing room.

We had many amusements during the summer months. We were all good walkers, and were often taken out by our mother for long walks—to Heswall Hills, to the banks of the Dee, to Gayton Hall, with its picturesque old gardens. My brother George was particularly fond of old gardens, and had great interest in the formal paths, the shrubs, and ancient trees. A picnic to Hilbury Island was one of our summer treats. The Island stands at the mouth of the Dee, just off Hoylake. The tide at high water surrounded it, but at low water it was easy to drive all the way. We drove there in “Shandries,” a kind of cart painted dark blue and red, with a seat across the middle, and chairs and cushions to sit on. We remained during the high tide upon the Island, rambling over the rocks, catching crabs, eating our dinner, sketching, and enjoying our friends’ society.

I shall never forget the return home after one of these happy days on the Island. It was bright moonlight, calm and clear; we were going along a road near Woodchurch, with a wood at one side. We were all rather

tired, and someone suggested we should repeat poetry in turns. Bryan began with Keble's "Visitation and Communion of the Sick." His melodious voice and heart-felt rendering of the beautiful lines produced a great effect, and his hearers were entranced. The "Christian Year" was a new book then, and none of us knew it; and even now I never read that hymn without the scene of that summer's night rising before me, and seeming to hear again Bryan repeating "O youth and joy, your airy tread."

A few years after we first came to Heath Cottage, a movement was made to get good roads, which were much needed in that part of the country. A turnpike trust was formed; my uncle, one of the chief movers, was upon the trust, and my father also. Several good roads were made, and henceforth travelling was quite easy. Doll's services were no longer required; the beautiful pillion was sent to the lumber room; a car or waggonette was built for us in Chester, and a fine young horse, called Kitty, was bought to draw it. My sister rode as well as drove, but I was always too timid to be a horsewoman.

After the improvement in the roads, and the possession of the car, our summer excursions took a wider range. We would go on a tour of ten days or a fortnight into Wales. The car held my mother, and sister, and myself, besides our necessary luggage and food; and my father drove. Kitty could manage about forty miles a day; we went one stage before breakfast, and in the middle of the

day, when the horse was resting, if the inn in the place were not a good one, we would carry our provisions to the roadside and dine there, and then we would walk on until my father overtook us in the car.

These were delightful expeditions, and we learnt to know North Wales almost as well as the immediate neighbourhood in which we lived. I well remember a visit to Llanberis made during one of these expeditions. A party was going up Snowdon and I was invited to join them. My father said I might go, and engaged a pony and a guide for me. I was then about sixteen; my mother cared more that I should not get cold than for appearances; she muffled me up, tied my night-cap on my head, and begged I would be prudent.

We started at midnight, my father mounted me and gave me in charge to my guide. But I soon found that it was not my guide who was always at hand to take care of me and lead my pony, but a young Oxford man, one of a reading party. He was kind and agreeable. He talked pleasantly, and the time flew. When we reached the top of the mountain daylight came, and revealed how ugly I looked; one look was enough; I received no more attentions from my friend. I had a great joke with my mother afterwards for making such a guy of me.

On February 16th, 1829, when we were living in Cazneau Street, Lewis Ashfield died. He had for many years been a pensioner of my father's, and occasionally came to see my mother. We children never knew who he was, nor

ever heard his name mentioned. We knew there was something mysterious about him, and we called him "The Man." He was tall and must have been handsome once, but he had a dilapidated appearance, that spoke ill for his past life, and we shrank from him.

He died at the age of fifty-three, and was buried in the early morning, in the vault of our grandfather,* in St. Ann's Churchyard. My mother attended the funeral, with her eldest son. When she returned we were still at breakfast; she was overcome with grief, having been quite unnerved by the sight of her father's coffin in the vault. This event made a great impression upon us, but we did not venture to ask any questions. A few weeks afterwards, when my Aunt Mary asked my mother to dine at a party, the latter declined, saying, "it was the last respect she could pay her dear father." We were always struck by the reverent and tender love in which she held her father's memory; when she used to speak of him to us, her eyes would often fill with tears.

It was at Heath Cottage that my mother read the "Life of Gouverneur Morris," her uncle. She was much interested and pleased with the book, and took great delight in telling us of her early life and her old home.

It was there, too, that Judge Wilkins, from America, and his wife, who was an aunt of my mother, paid us a memorable visit. There was much talk about the Morris

* Since that time the remains of my grandfather and uncle have been removed to Anfield Park Cemetery, Liverpool.

family and Morrisania, which my mother enjoyed very much. Miss Wilkins, commonly known among us as "Sally," came with her father and mother, and later on spent with us, in Cazneau Street, the winter succeeding her first visit.

One of our frequent visitors at this time was Elizabeth Tanqueray, a niece of Mrs. Joshua King; her father was a vicar in Bedfordshire. She had particular attractions for my mother, being very nice looking, faultless in her dress and appearance, always kind, gentle and helpful, and so pleasant in all her ways that the word attractive seems to apply to her with singular fitness. She was a beautiful needle-woman, as so many Bedfordshire women are, owing perhaps to the lace-making. My mother had a great love for her, and told her how much she would like her for a daughter-in-law. That this should ever be, seemed improbable enough at the time, but many years afterwards, viz. in 1850, five years after my mother's death, she became my brother Vincent's wife. She lived to the age of eighty-two, heartily loved and respected by all who knew her.

In an article that came out in the 'Chester Courant' at the time of her death, were the following words: "How full those years had been of large-hearted and sympathetic kindness received a touching testimony at her funeral on Thursday, when friends and neighbours, rich and poor, all joined to witness their esteem and affection for one who, by unwearied continuance in well doing had won her way to their hearts."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the spring of the year 1836, a good appointment was offered to my brother George, by Messrs. Horsfall, in whose firm he was. He was not out of his time and quite young, only twenty-two years of age, but his ability and industry and high principle had gained him such a good opinion from his employers that they determined to place him at the head of their business in India. This almost unprecedented offer was gladly accepted, but we rejoiced with sorrowing. George was dear to us all, good and true, and irresistible in his love of humour and fun; he seldom came home without some amusing anecdote to tell us, his way of telling it added to the pleasure of hearing it, and many a time as we listened to him, we were convulsed with laughter. Often I heard my mother murmur, "So like my dear father."

The following lines, which come into my mind, seem to me to describe him with a curious reality :—

" The grey-blue eyes, I see them still,
The gallant front with brow o'erhung,
The shape alert, the wit at will,
The phrase that struck, but never stung."

He had a range of sympathy and a racy originality and power of story-telling, which, fascinating as it was, never seemed out of keeping with his deeply religious tone of mind and unusual goodness and purity of heart.

I shall never forget my grief at the prospect of George's departure. He was next in age to me, and my special brother; we had all our thoughts in common, we read our Bibles together, and helped each other in our Sunday-school teaching, and in innumerable ways; he was part of my life. And all this was to end, and probably for ever; it was a bitter thought, full of sadness; the great distance he was to go seemed to add to the solemnity of the parting; it would be the first break in our family. Some one has sadly said, "Our life is made up of partings." He was to go almost at once, the day was fixed and the preparations were speedily made. He was to sail in a vessel belonging to the firm, *The Huddersfield*.

Mrs. Kirk and Augusta, my mother's old and loved friends, came to stay with us and to see the last of George. May 26th was the day fixed for the sailing of the vessel. At six o'clock in the morning we sat down to a sorrowful meal, some of us hardly able to keep back the tears. At seven o'clock we went out into the garden, and there we parted from him. Until this moment he had been very quiet and composed, but when he kissed me, I saw his face was convulsed and his eyes full of tears. We watched him across the meadow, walking between my father and Vincent, until he was out of sight.

A special steam-boat took them across the Mersey to the *Huddersfield*. There he parted from our father and some young friends. Vincent was the last to bid him "good bye;" he went a little way out to sea, and returned in the pilot boat. My mother, her two friends, Catherine and I, meanwhile walked to the top of Oxton Hill, which was then nothing but a bare heath or common. We took a telescope with us, and through it we saw the stately ship in full sail; we watched it till it was lost to sight, and then returned home. The last object George saw in Cheshire was the Tower of Woodchurch. I felt lonely and miserable. My old life was at an end, a new one had to commence.

The *Huddersfield* reached Bombay in one hundred and six days, after a very prosperous voyage. The captain was a very able man, and the two mates were gentlemen. George made the most of his time on board ship; he entered with great interest into all the details of the working of the ship, he took observations every day, he read a good deal, he learnt Hindostani, he made friends with the crew, reading to them, talking or singing hymns with them. In the evenings a rubber was played with the officers, or a game at chess; he was the only passenger. He kept a journal of the whole voyage which I have now. Two catastrophes occurred, but happily without any bad results. There was a mutiny on board, which the captain succeeded in checking before it became serious, by promptly throwing the ringleaders into prison. Then there was a fog, in which they barely escaped being run into. They

passed one homeward-bound vessel on the way out, and by it we received the first tidings of George from mid-ocean. I began writing to him the very day he left home, and I wrote to him daily for five years, and he did the same to me.

There was a touching little incident connected with my early journal: my father one day asked me to let him write a line, and under the day, May 27th, he wrote—"Set Totty to weed and trim up George's garden." George told me when he read those words, that the tears came into his eyes.

My mother's health was not good at that time, and it tried her very much to have to part with her "dear boy." His constant and thoughtful attention to her had been a great joy. Once, when she had broken the glass of her spectacles, she gave them to George to take to Liverpool to be repaired, with the injunction that they must be quickly done. But the spectacles did not get finished as soon as my mother wanted them; there was a delay, George made excuses, and when at last he brought them back, they were her own glasses indeed, but put into gold frames. Another instance out of many of the same kind, was his buying a clock with a very beautiful strike, because he had heard my mother say she was fond of a church clock. The clock was put up while she was out of the house, and was a great surprise to her when she came in. This clock now stands in the hall at Rose Castle.

The summer that George went to India, Bryan was

elected Fellow of Brasenose, and ordained upon his Fellowship. He spent the long vacation of that year at Heath Cottage, which cheered my mother very much. While he was with us he preached his first sermon; I shall never forget how beautiful he looked in his surplice, with his fine tall figure, his regular handsome features, and his earnest, simple manner. My mother entered very heartily into all his interests and his views; she was ready with counsel and sympathy for everything that concerned him. That first sermon I copied and sent out to George.

It was my mother's custom to read the daily psalms and lessons, with which practice nothing was ever allowed to interfere. When we were quite young my mother was ill, and asked us to read them to her; the length of the task imposed upon us tired our patience very much. Although so good a church-woman she was tolerant and wise in her judgment. I remember once complaining to her of the want of religious privileges and of teaching at Woodchurch; she reproved me gently, saying, that God had placed me where I was, His Providence would watch over me and bless the ministry to my good. In other words,

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

It was a lesson I never forgot.

Christmas was always a bright and happy time with us. There were great preparations beforehand,—bountiful gifts of food and clothing to be distributed among the poor,

presents to be got for the servants, and little remembrances for friends, and an ample store of good cheer for ourselves. Our mother would be the first in the early morning to wish us 'A Merry Christmas.' The day was a particularly happy one—the bright morning service, the mid-day walk, the pleasant gathering of old friends to dinner, and the merry games in the evening. We used to look forward to Christmas as the happiest day in the year.

The first Christmas day after her death was the first of my married life, but a lonely, cheerless feeling came over me; the festival seemed to have lost all its brightness and joy. I had a loving, sympathetic letter from my brother Vincent. He was one of the most devoted of my mother's sons, and he knew how sorely I should miss her on that day so full of old associations.

Vincent had always a great reverence for my mother, and a deep sense of gratitude for what she had been to him. In writing to Elizabeth Tanqueray just before his marriage, which was to take place at Tingrith Church, Bedfordshire, alluding to his mother's burial place at Woodchurch, he says, "My feelings will in all probability be far away before another altar where most that is holy, most that is sacred and lovely, of my associations in this world are centred."

Other changes were taking place around us; 'Old George' was getting very feeble, and crawled about by the help of two sticks, but my father was always kind to him and paid his wages to the end of his long life. Sally, his wife, a

hard and mercenary old woman, had already died. One day I had been sent by my mother to ask if a petticoat or bedgown would be the most acceptable thing to her. She replied, "I am badly in want of both, I don't know which I am worse off for."

A few days before her death I was sitting with her; she was talking about their separation to her husband,—“but we shall meet in Heaven,” she said. He shook his head, saying, “How can I go lommering all o’er Heaven with my two sticks to look for thee?” The poor old fellow died, a few days after his wife, of cancer in the lip. My brother Vincent’s house on Oxton Hill occupied the very place where their cottage used to stand.

Our most excellent servant, John Bennett, was discharged; my father overheard him trying to persuade the other servants to become Methodists, a crime that could not be passed over! We were all sorry to lose such a trusty servant. He lived to the age of ninety, and for many of the latter years of his life he was a pensioner of my brother Vincent.

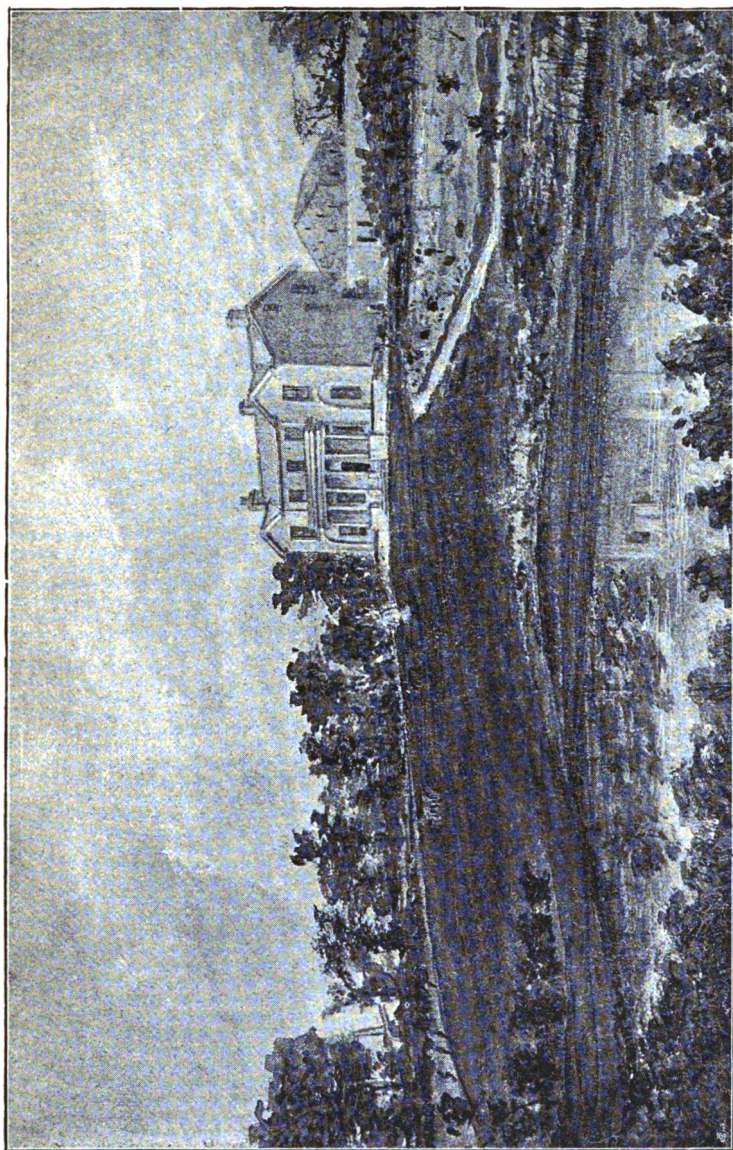
CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT 1840 my father was offered a fancy price for Heath Cottage and the adjoining land. The offer was accepted and the following year we removed to a new house built by him on the property of Bebington.

I had always been my mother's helper, and now I became housekeeper, and relieved her of much work. Her health had seriously failed and she was very delicate; she was attended by an old army surgeon, a Mr. Stevenson, the best medical man in the neighbourhood. His treatment was very old fashioned; his remedies for all ailments were mercury, bleeding, and port wine. For an attack of gout he ordered about two dozen leeches, of which we kept a constant supply. Hence it is not surprising that my mother continued very delicate under his hands.

We all liked our new home, and the year closed happily, with the prospect that our dear George was to return to England in a few months, partly on account of his health, and partly for his holiday.

George's religious views and character were much and permanently affected by his residence in Bombay. He had been brought up by his mother in what may be called old-



THE HALL, BEBINGTON.

fashioned Church principles, and nothing had hitherto occurred to draw him in any other direction. His religion was deep and earnest, of a simple, practical kind, and he had not adopted the views of any particular school.

During his residence in Bombay, however, a change took place. I imagine it to be true that most, or nearly all, of the earnest religion in India was then of a pronounced Evangelical type. At all events, it was this type of religion that George found most stirring and active in Bombay; and some of those with whom he came most into contact, and who were afterwards his closest friends, were persons of strong Evangelical views. These friends did much towards moulding his character; he was attracted by their earnestness and became one of them. He was to the end open-hearted and charitable, and free from the narrow-mindedness and even bitterness which so frequently develop themselves in those who adopt the views of any one particular school with great warmth and zeal. Still, George's religious character became, to a great extent, what Bombay influences made it. Looking back now upon his life and death, after the lapse of nearly half a century, I am thankful to record the fact that he was one of the holiest and most consistent young men whom I ever met, and to refer all that he was to the action of the Holy Spirit of God.

After saying thus much, it is perhaps unnecessary to add anything as to his general conduct; yet I cannot refrain from remarking, that this was in all respects not only exemplary, but such as had marked effects, by way of example, upon the

young men of his age and standing with whom he came in contact. He made his light shine in a modest and quiet, but very persuasive manner. He was conscientious in the performance of his duty to his employers, whose high opinion of him never altered. He was a regular and constant correspondent with his friends at home, he kept a daily journal which he forwarded from time to time. It is, I think, no exaggeration to say, that as far as human judgment can form an opinion, his behaviour with regard to relations, friends, employers and employed, was as faultless as can be conceived.

While engaged in writing these reminiscences at Cannes, during the winter of 1887—1888, by a very curious chance I made the acquaintance of one of my brother George's old Bombay friends, Mr. Murray Mitchell. We had much conversation on the subject, which was one of common interest to us; it was especially delightful to me to hear from an original source testimony to George's life and character as a young man in India, and to listen to Mr. Murray Mitchell's enthusiastic account of him. He assured me that, in the course of a long life, he had never met with anyone whom he esteemed more highly or loved more warmly.

I was so struck by the circumstances of this testimony, coming at the time and the manner it did, that I asked Mr. Murray Mitchell to be kind enough to put down in writing for me some of his recollections; this he did in the form of a letter, which I here reproduce.

"Nice, January 23rd, 1888.

"DEAR MRS. GOODWIN,—

"I earnestly wish that my recollections of my dear friend, your brother, were fuller and more distinct than I find them to be ; perhaps, if I could search through my papers, I could add some details, but they are not in Nice, nor are they accessible to any one at home.

"Your brother was in Bombay when I arrived there, as far back as 1838. He was the head of a great commercial firm, Messrs. Horsfall, of Liverpool. He must have had serious difficulties in business at the outset. I infer this from a remark he made when some of us were speaking of the *Waverley Novels*. Some one was running them down, when Mr. King said, 'Well, I at least owe the writer a debt of gratitude, for at a time when my anxieties were exceedingly great I found in the *Waverley Novels* an immense relief.' They helped him to escape into new regions of thought, and relieved, in some degree, the mental pressure. I met Mr. King from the first in various places : the houses of the Bishop, Dr. Carus ; the Archdeacons, Mr. Jeffreys and Dr. Stevenson ; the Scotch Chaplain, Dr. Wilson, the well-known Missionary, and others. Mr. King was quiet and rather reserved, and it was only by degrees I came to know him well. He lived on Malabar Hill, in the same house with several other young merchants ; their house was cool and pleasant, and in the warm weather I frequently slept there. I recollect that, for sometimes I shared the same room with Mr. King, and this at his own

request. By this time I knew him well, and, of course, our being together so much led me to know him better. We often talked, he in one corner of the room, I in another, for hours when we ought to have been asleep, till we were obliged to give up the nocturnal colloquies, as our next door neighbour complained that our 'chatter' disturbed his slumbers. I hardly think, however, it was 'chatter;' our conversations were always serious and, to me, at least, most interesting.

"Among other things I soon saw that my friend had warm family affections; I have said he was somewhat reserved, and he did not enter into many details regarding relatives, but he alluded not infrequently to his sister Ellen.

"In the early part of 1841, Mr. King and I went together to the Mallallshane Hills. They were not speedily reached in those days; we sailed down the coast in a small boat, and then for many miles up a river, and then rode on horseback to the hills. We were thus thrown for a good many days on each other's society, and equally so at the hills.

"During that time of full and friendly intercourse I saw more clearly than ever that Mr. King was fitted far more than many, far more than most, for domestic life. For one thing, he had a very high estimate of women. I recollect we both came to the conclusion—which of us first said I do not remember—that a husband owed his wife 'protection, love, and reverence.' I said to him, 'I see you will marry as soon as you can find the proper person.' He said he believed he would.

"Your brother worked hard in his office all day, and had not much time for reading, still he did read. His religious life impressed me not a little; he was very undemonstrative, but his religious feelings were deep, and they continued to deepen. He would have been all the stronger had he rested on Sundays, but he taught in a Sunday school.

"In those days Bombay society divided itself pretty much into two sections, the very gay, and the more earnest and religious. Ecclesiastical distinctions were not much regarded. Your brother attended a Church of England place of worship on Sunday forenoons, and generally in the evenings our Scottish mission service. In our mission work we could always count on his hearty sympathy.

"He left Bombay, I think, in the end of 1841. I had longed for his return, and it was one of the greatest sorrows of my life when the vessel, in which he was expected home, arrived with his poor wife, indeed, but without my much beloved friend. But we shall meet again.

"I wish I could say more.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Goodwin, very truly yours,

"J. MURRAY MITCHELL."

The excitement and joy of George's probable return, early in 1842, was so great to my mother that it brought on a severe illness. For months before his return she counted the hours; at times it was feared that when he did return she would not be there to welcome him. Our

dear old friend, Margaret Bird, wrote some lines, which she sent to my mother, and which well described her feelings.

“The thousand hours are nearly past,
And heavenly guarded on his way,
The child of prayer is hastening fast
A mother’s drooping heart to stay.
T’ imprint upon her lips the tender kiss,
Which breathes of purest love and hallow’d bliss.

“Perchance, at times, the deep-drawn sigh
Betrayed a mother’s anxious fear,
That, when returned, thy much lov’d boy
Might come too late thy couch to cheer ;
Too late to breath upon thy lips that kiss
The very thought of which to thee is bliss.

“Thou wilt not heed the bright display
He brings of India’s treasures rare ;
His heart, a pearl of purest ray,
Is thine, and thou all else canst spare.
His filial love, his ardent grateful kiss,
These form a mother’s diadem of bliss.”

To our great happiness our mother was spared to us, and regained her usual health. Spring-time came, and brought tidings of our traveller’s departure from India, his safe and prosperous journey, and finally of his arrival at Southampton, and lying in quarantine off Mother Bank. Bryan went down to Southampton to welcome him, and he reached home very early one April morning. Bryan brought him to our several bedrooms : I need not describe the meeting.

He looked pale, and more than five years older than

when we parted. Business anxieties had tinged his hair with grey, he was thoughtful and rather grave, but as simple and child-like as ever, and we were completely happy to have him with us once more. His many friends welcomed him heartily. As time went on, he looked in better health, the old spirits revived, and his wit and stories were as fresh and amusing as in the old days. To his mother he was more devoted and loving than ever.

One of the "treasures rare" which George brought home was a beautiful cashmere shawl, which he gave to our mother. It had been given to him by one of the rich natives with whom he did business. Just before leaving India, George went to call upon him. He was provided with sweetmeats to eat, and sprinkled with atta of roses, and was presented not only with a handsome shawl, but with a ring for himself, containing a large and valuable brilliant. As he was leaving, he asked if he might see his host's wife; whereupon the native led him to a spacious room, where a fat woman was sitting upon a cushion in the middle of the room, and he introduced her to George with the words: "my wife, all the same,—one log of wood."

I had just started a Saturday school for the children of Higher Bebington; George and my mother fitted up a room over the coach-house, and we had many a laugh over George's ingenuity. This school was to take the place of a Sunday school, for we continued to spend our Sundays at Woodchurch, the distance being much the same as from Heath Cottage. Changes had taken place at the old home :

my grandmother was dead, and my Aunt Margaret was living in a house of her own, Frankly Hall. The Rector, in more than middle age, had married an old Bethnal Green friend, Hamilton Georgina Aveling, who was in some way connected with the great Truman Hanbury Brewery. The lady had money, she was good, but so prim and stiff that she was no favourite with me. My uncle remained the same kind, generous friend as ever.

The accompanying sketch of George, done by my husband's sister, Fanny Goodwin, the summer after his return home, will give some notion of his personal appearance. Every day after dinner he used to put on a smoking jacket, Indian hat and slippers, and sit under the colonnade. Fanny took the sketch of him thus from the drawing room window; it is a clever sketch, and a peculiarly characteristic likeness. Before going out George would put his head in at the drawing-room window and say to me, "Come out." If I demurred and urged some good reason for not joining him, he merely repeated, "Come out;" he never argued, and his entreaty was never in vain.

In June, 1842, occurred one of those little incidents which "shape our ends" and change the tenor of our lives for ever. An invitation came from Joshua King, President of Queen's College, to my brother George, to pay him a visit at Cambridge, and to be present at the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University. I was included in the invitation, but, as it was not my turn for going out, I neither wished to ask for permission to go



Foris. H. G. 1894

nor for the money for needful preparations in dress. George was distressed when I refused, and on hearing my reason he burst out laughing, and went at once to get my father's consent, saying he wished to defray the necessary expense himself. My father, who never withheld any indulgence from his children, agreed to the visit. Accordingly, we went in the end of June; we took the train from Rock Ferry to Bletchley, and went on the outside of the coach from there to Cambridge. The day was fine and we both thoroughly enjoyed the journey.

The visit was one of intense enjoyment to George. He was specially delighted by the beautiful old buildings and the gardens; but he could only stay one week, and left before the installation. I remained behind, and in a very short time received one of my greatest blessings, which I always connect with my dear brother George; I became engaged to Harvey Goodwin, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College.

There are three events connected with the drawing-room of Queen's College Lodge, which make it of peculiar interest to our family; there Bryan first saw his future wife, and George first told me of his love for Lucy Willis, and there also I first met my future husband.

The autumn before George's return, Vincent had gone to India, and the brothers had become partners in business at Bombay. His leaving home did not affect my mother in the same way George's had done. The overland route was opened, and communication with the east was frequent and rapid.

This year there were more changes in our family, in all of which my mother took a deep interest. Bryan was married in the autumn to Mary Martha Fardell, daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman ; and George became engaged to Lucy Marwood Willis, the daughter of a neighbour living at Rock Ferry.

In November of this year a curious incident happened, connected with my brother George. One morning he came downstairs to breakfast hobbling very much, and complaining of not feeling well. We were rather alarmed, and sent for Mr. Stevenson the surgeon, who discovered a worm making an outlet for itself, just below the ankle on the inside of the right foot. Following George's directions, who had seen something of these worms in India, Mr. Stevenson succeeded in extracting about an inch of it out, rolled it on pack thread, and laid the thread over the wound fastening it there by adhesive plaster. I used to perform this delicate operation three or four times a day. My brother was soon obliged to stop in bed, and in a week violent inflammation set in and he became very ill. Mr. Stevenson was quite puzzled ; he went to Liverpool to see if he could find any medical man who had been in India and understood the treatment of the disease. Our hearts sank when he told us there was no such person ; he promised to write to London and make enquiries. Meanwhile, George grew so rapidly worse that we began to despair of his life, unless prompt aid could be administered. My mother was ill at the same time. The two invalids were entirely under

my care, and occupied two rooms which communicated with each other.

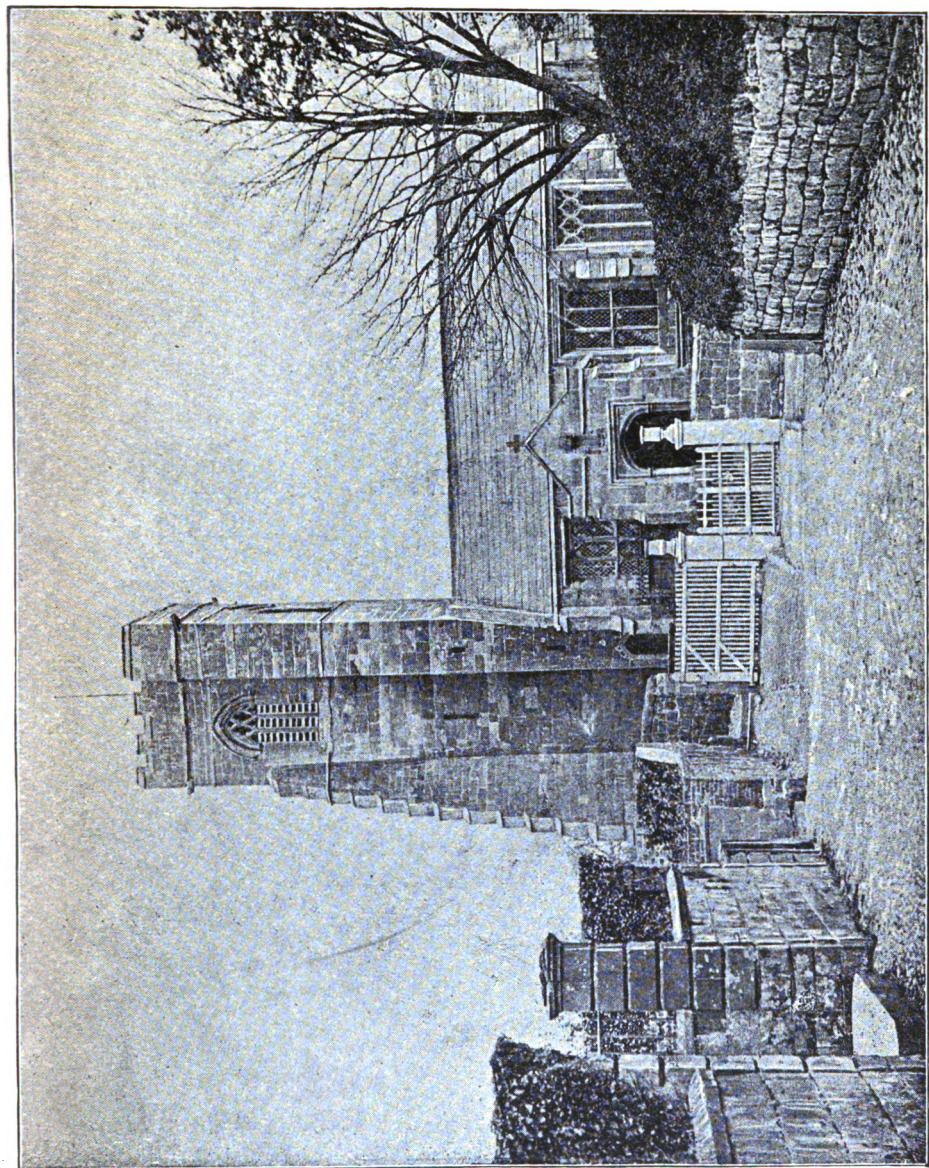
I had just given my brother his supper on the day on which Mr. Stevenson had written to London, when suddenly our dogs began to bark, which surprised us very much, as it was quite late in the evening. In a few minutes there was a tap at the door, and a card was handed in with a message from my father that, "Perhaps Mr. George knows the gentleman." I took the card and read "Dr. Millar, Bombay." George raised himself in bed, exclaiming, "No, is it possible?" It was an old friend of his, a Bombay physician; he had been suddenly called home and was on his way to Edinburgh. He wished to see my brother as he passed through Liverpool, he had been misdirected and so had lost his way, and only arrived at that late hour at Bebington. In five minutes he had undertaken my brother's case and quite altered the treatment; fomentation and lancing was his plan, and a search for the other end of the worm. He at length found what he sought in the shoulder, extracted as much as he could, and assured us that now all would be well.

Dr. Millar kindly stayed a week with us, watching and tending his patient with a brother's care. Before he left we had the happiness of seeing our invalid downstairs and walking about. In one of my note-books an incident is recorded, in my husband's handwriting, as taking place at the end of the visit, referring to the ludicrous fee he asked.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER George's return to England, the old church at Woodchurch became a great interest to him. He was very anxious to bring about some changes, but he knew the difficulty of mentioning the subject to the Rector, our uncle, who was hard to move. He liked the church to be kept neat and clean, and also that everything should go on as in his father's time.

In the chancel were three high pews, belonging respectively to the Squire, the Rector, and ourselves; there was also one for the Rector's servants. The pew belonging to the Squire was a luxurious one, fitted up with arm-chairs and a stove. I cannot resist mentioning a droll incident which occurred one Sunday morning during service. My grandmother had taken into the house a rough, uncouth girl, to train her for service in the kitchen. The priest's door in the chancel was opposite to the pew in which the Rectory servants sat. During the second lesson this door slowly opened, and there stood the girl, in her working dress, beckoning with her finger to the cook. The latter took no notice of her, and after a time she called out,



PARISH CHURCH, WOODCHURCH.

"Cauves y'ed a bubbling dumplings out o' t' pot." The effect need not be described.

There are two other amusing incidents which come into my mind as I write. One occurred during my uncle's summer residence at Bethnal Green. He employed a clergyman of the name of Peter Wilson to supply his place at Woodchurch. This man was what would now be called a clergyman of the old school; he was a keen sportsman, and would trap, snare, and kill all game that came in his way. In fact, he was more of a poacher than a sportsman. He came into the Rectory one Sunday morning, dangling a hare by its hind legs. "As I was crossing a potato field," said he, "she was coming down one of the furrows, I waited for her and caught her." Another Sunday morning he was going to miss out the psalms. My brother tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Mr. Wilson! Mr. Wilson! you are leaving out the psalms." To which he replied in an audible voice, "Good God! so I am."

Amongst my grandfather's friends was a lady, who was known as "Nanny Wadsworth." She lived in the north, I think at Bardsea, and belonged to the same family as Wordsworth, the poet. I mention her in consequence of the following anecdote, which was told me by my mother: She was on a visit to Woodchurch at the time of the troubles connected with George IV. and his Queen. At the Service on Sunday morning my grandfather omitted the Queen's name in the prayers, whereupon Nanny Wads-

worth rose from her knees and said, in a loud voice, "And her Majesty, Queen Caroline." Having thus delivered her soul she knelt down again.

The east end of the church was fitted up with paintings of angels in flowing garments of crimson and gold, blowing trumpets, the design of my Aunt Margaret. George was particularly anxious to pull these down, as the beginning of the work. At last he persuaded the Rector to go into the church with him, to make a general inspection. The result was the total demolition of the east end. The thin edge of the wedge once in, my uncle helped willingly and heartily with his purse and his own hands, for uncle and nephew worked together at the restorations day by day.

The Rev. William Elstob, living in London, was George's adviser, and an almost daily correspondence was carried on between them. The work was well done, the pews were replaced by stalls, a gallery at the west end was taken away altogether, the organ put into a more fitting position than it had hitherto occupied, and the pulpit and reading desk were made more appropriate. There was a great joke about an old square piece of oak found in the pulpit, as to whether the "block in the pulpit" should be removed!

No architect was called in, and the work was done by workmen from the village and some of the Rectory farm-servants. George himself carved four or six corbels out of oak, which are now at the ends of the beams in the chancel. This carving was a pleasure both to him and to us, and

when anything grotesque turned out as he worked, all the more he enjoyed it. The east window, designed by Mr. Elstob, was also George's gift.

I have already said that George had become engaged to Lucy Marwood Willis, and on May 26th, 1844, the wedding took place at Woodchurch. The east end and the chancel were finished just in time for his marriage, but the nave was still in hand, and the workmen were busy with the alterations. My uncle, the Rector, married them, and a large party of relations and friends were present. As the bride entered the church, George, instead of standing and waiting for her at the chancel step, was discovered on the top of a ladder in the nave, chipping off plaster and whitewash from one of the capitals of a pillar, and covered with dust and whitewash; his old friend, Charles Hemery, his best man, was holding the ladder and remonstrating. When the service, the breakfast, and the farewells were over, the happy pair started on a tour of the English cathedrals.

A dinner was given to the Bebington tenants, at which my brother Bryan and Harvey Goodwin presided, and later in the day we had a large and pleasant gathering of friends. An old friend of ours, William Bird, a clever and interesting man, proposed the health of the Senior Moderator, and there was a witty speech in reply. Harvey Goodwin was Moderator that year for the first time.

And so time went on. My mother was very happy those five years at Bebington; she took a great interest in the

work of restoring the church, and she enjoyed the society of many old friends in the neighbourhood. Two young men, Charles Hemery and William Grey, who were like sons to her, were living at our lodge and were almost daily visitors.

In the autumn of 1843, I went with my father and mother to pay a visit at Queen's College Lodge. This was a great pleasure to my mother, as she loved Dr. and Mrs. King, and the life and the place had great interest for her. From Cambridge we drove to King's Lynn. This was the first time my mother had ever seen a Fen country; the floods were out to an unusual extent, and she was much impressed by the desolation of the scene. Sheets of water stretched out before us for miles, here and there were miserable dwellings, with rushes and reeds growing around them, the women and children one saw looked poor and wretched. The scene was so striking in its solitariness that my mother exclaimed, "I would not live in a Fen country if they made me Bishop of Ely." (It is a curious fact that I should have lived there afterwards as the Dean's wife.) Nevertheless, she enjoyed the visit to Lynn, and approved of and liked all she saw of the family and home of my future husband, and returned to Bebington much refreshed.

At the conclusion of the wedding tour, George and Lucy came home again; he continued to work hard at Woodchurch, and had the happiness of seeing the church completed. I believe this to have been one of the first church restorations in England.

Early in November of 1844, George and Lucy left home for India, he still in rather delicate health; but he took a good wife with him, who would look after him, and the parting, though sorrowful, was not gloomy. They stayed one night with Bryan at St. George's-in-the-East, of which church he was then the Rector. George wrote to his mother from every stage, a simple, amusing diary of the journey, with loving and affectionate words to herself. A mail came in from Aden, but there was no letter for us, nor word of any kind. We were filled with apprehension, days went heavily by, and there was no news. At last, one Sunday morning in January, as we were dressing for church, and the carriage was waiting at the door, a messenger on horseback arrived, bringing a letter for my father from Woodchurch. It was from his brother, who enclosed the postscript to a letter written by one of the passengers on George's ship to a friend in Liverpool; it ran as follows—

“Aden, 2nd December:—King and his wife both still very unwell, and I am not without apprehension for the former. May it please God to spare him! S. D. M.”

Then, in Mrs. Murray's handwriting, “Digby has just been sent for, Mr. King is much worse. Oh! I fear there is no hope. G. F. MURRAY.”

My mother was in her own room, my sister and I were the bearers of the sad news, which I felt quite sure would be fatal to her; I told Kate my worst fears as we opened her door. And so it proved; she was very calm as we read the message, but the words burnt into her heart.

We spent that day at home. What a fearful cloud overshadowed us! The uncertainty seemed at times more terrible than we could bear, or live through. After four weary weeks the tale was told. We received a copy of a letter which Mr. Murray had written to his own people. They had crossed the desert with considerable difficulty, and the letter went on to say, "King and his wife, George Welsh, an old gentleman, with whom we had become acquainted, Miss Eaton, my wife and myself, formed a vanful, a very pleasant party. King and I acted as grooms, and were jumping in and out of the van, heaving at the wheels, and thrashing the horses a great part of the way. As to the steamer it is simply crammed; King has given up his cabin, and all the gentlemen sleep on deck. My greatest apprehension is that some of the number will suffer in health, in fact King has been very unwell, but is now mending." Further details about this part of the journey we afterwards learnt from George's diary, from which the following quotations are made:— "*Friday, November 22nd, '44.* We rested one hour at two places, and two hours and a half at another place where we got food; with these exceptions we did not stop, except to change horses twice, in the whole eighty-two miles. Lucy bore the journey well, especially when you think that she had had no regular rest for two nights. We got to Suez a little after 1 P.M. of Saturday, 23rd November.

"During the latter part of the day we began to be very anxious about cabins for the ladies, we knew we should be

upwards of a hundred altogether, thirty of whom were ladies. This was a much greater number than had ever been taken in any of the Bombay steamers; however, we put our minds at ease, knowing that we had used all lawful means to get first to Suez, yet we had been disappointed of getting in the first batch of vans, thus twenty-four had got the start of us, and we came in equal only with the second twenty-four. I say we put our minds at ease, believing that all things would happen for our good, one way or another. Well! the moment we arrived Murray and I rushed into a little den, where the Purser was sitting, and secured for our three ladies the best cabins in the ship, which the ladies, who had preceded us, had most unaccountably left vacant.

"The whole of the accommodation below is appropriated to the ladies, all the men are on deck. I engaged a Greek servant who speaks only Italian; still, as there was not another, we were thankful for him. We were on deck at 5 or 6 o'clock It took upwards of an hour and a half getting on board the steamer.

"The evening was delightful, not a cloud to be seen. When we got on board and the ladies had gone down to their cabins, Lucy came running back to me, almost out of her senses with delight at having such a fine cabin, and would make me come down to look at it, though busy enough with other matters. "Murray had selected good places on deck for our beds, and then we went ashore to look for the luggage We were back again at 11.30; by this time I was completely done up for want of sleep,

having had a great deal of exertion and scarcely any sleep for three nights. I actually found myself sleeping as I stood up in the boat which took us to the steamer

Sunday, Nov. 24th.—One of the first persons I saw this morning was my old friend, Dr. Millar. Really, we have been much favoured throughout this voyage, everything seems to have been to our advantage.

Wednesday, Nov. 27th.—G. S. K.'s birthday; all my friends drank my health; we have arranged ourselves at table thus: General Welsh, Miss Eaton, Murray and his wife on one side, Dr. Millar, Lucy and I opposite, which is pleasant. We have a great deal of fun in the evening, with proverbs, cross questions, accusations, etc. At 9.30 P.M. the ladies leave the deck and we spread our beds. I always sleep well and get up a little after five, dress, pull my trousers above my knees and go paddling about the decks while they are washing them, with bare feet, and finish dressing at 7.30. This morning I had the hose over me, which was a very good bath. The water on board is all bad, I refer not to taste only, but in its effects; however, Millar has made interest with the engineers, so that our party get the condensed water from the engine."

This was his last entry in the diary. The fatigues of the desert journey, and the exposure on board the steamer, brought on an illness from which he never recovered.

From the accounts given by Dr. Millar and Mr. Murray, it seems he was taken ill on his birthday, November 27th; he spoke to Dr. Millar about it, who, it appears, was much

alarmed from the first. On Sunday, December 1st, he was taken down into the saloon, and that evening he became much worse. On Thursday, November 28th, dear George said to Dr. Millar; "I am afraid this is a bad case, Millar." To which he replied, that he thought he was going on very well; but George said, "You need not be afraid to tell me the worst. I am not afraid to die, I am quite prepared for it."

Again, on Friday, a similar conversation took place, and he repeated nearly the same words. That day and the next he grew visibly weaker, and on Sunday a great change came over him, all hope was given up, but he lingered until midnight on Wednesday. He was quite calm and collected, though he spoke little; speaking was an effort to him, and he seemed anxious not to exhaust himself unnecessarily. He was perfectly conscious to the very end. On Wednesday, December 4th, at 8 P.M. he became rapidly worse, he gradually sank, and at midnight he quietly passed away. So peacefully, indeed, that for some time they did not know he was dead. His last words to his wife were, "Kiss my mother, give to Ellen all her own letters."

Off the island of Socotra, early on the morning of December 5th, the day he died, his remains were committed to the great deep. The service of the Church of England was read by a missionary (a clergyman), all the gentleman passengers were present, and Mrs. Murray was there with her husband, on purpose that she might be able to tell his poor widow all that took place.

He was thirty-one when he died. Dear George ! Snatched away when to us his course seemed not half run, he reached the goal set before him more completely than he himself had dared to hope.

He was the dearest of all my brothers, the companion of my early years ; I never heard a word from his lips that was not spoken in kindness. To all he was singularly attractive, to me like an inspiring teacher. His death seemed at the time to take away much of the interest of life, as he held a place in my heart which for the moment I felt none other could fill. His memory has been like an abiding presence, full of blessing to those who were left behind.

CHAPTER XI.

My mother never recovered from the shock ; she did her work as usual, but all the time she seemed "far off." Then came the letters of sorrow and sympathy, many of them from India, where he was loved and respected ; none of them were kinder than one from his old master, Mr. Horsfall, who spoke of him as of "a dear son."

I will here add a short notice which was inserted in a Bombay newspaper after my brother's death.

"G. S. KING, Esq.—We had been looking forward to the return from England with much pleasure of one whom we have long known and loved, with whom we had often taken sweet counsel, and who had proved a friend indeed to us, when we learnt on board the steamer that he, whose hand we would gladly have pressed with the warmth of affection, had been called from his pilgrimage on earth. Mr. King came to Bombay in the year 1836, and his unswerving principles, and honest testimony against open sin, were, soon after he first came out, a check to much evil then existing. With an amiable disposition was united practical and experimental religion, great scrupulousness, and a continual remembrance that the talents given him

were to be used for the Lord. He was one who searched the Scriptures, and eagerly profited by the experience and knowledge of others. He was much and deservedly respected by those whom he associated with in business, he bore a high character among the natives who came to him, and he was admired, esteemed, and beloved by all who knew him. For several years he was a constant attendant at the Sunday school in the fort, which he looked upon as a place where he had been much benefited; he loved the House of God, and the meeting for Christian communing and holy exercise; he was meek and humble in his walk, warm and affectionate in his friendship, and a ready helper to those that needed his assistance and counsel. His health had, previous to his leaving Bombay, in the year 1842, been failing, and he left India seeking on his native shores recruited strength, where he remained until November, 1844, when he left England for Bombay. Soon after he got on board the steamer at Suez he was taken ill, and, on the 5th of December died. He, who had lived remembering that here he had no continuing city, and looking for an habitation not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, received the summons to depart, trusting alone in Christ. He knew the Saviour in life, and found him not absent in death. Thus at an early age has been removed one whom we had fondly looked upon as a helper in the Lord's work, and thus have we been deprived of one we viewed as a brother. But how soon is the link of earthly friendship severed! How soon we learn, yet how slow are we to improve the

lesson, 'That all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass!' But there is a glorious truth, and that is, a friendship taking its rise on a religious foundation and continually fanned with the flame of holy love, though commenced on earth, never perishes, for it will be continued in heaven. We forbear, in our editorial capacity, to give way to our own feelings at the removal of this valued friend. We feel it, however, right to record what we have done, in order that others may be stirred up by his example. He has left a widow. May He 'who healeth the broken in heart and preserveth the widow,' be very gracious to her who is left behind, causing her to experience in this sudden bereavement the consolations of His holy word; and may she find to her unspeakable comfort, 'that the Lord establishes the border of the widow,' and may it be hers to rejoice that the image of his Master was indeed reflected in her husband, that she, having witnessed that his life shone more and more unto the perfect day, may have full consolation for him in the hope set before him."—*Bombay Witness*, December 19th, 1844.

Some time in March, George's widow returned to England, and came to stay with us. It was a constant interest to my mother, sad as the subject was, to talk about his journey and his last days.

My own marriage was arranged to take place early in the spring. I well knew that this proposed change in the family would affect her more nearly than any previous one had done. I was her right hand, I nursed her when

she was ill, and to me she was both mother and sister; she was my constant friend, and her influence was beyond all other. But she was ever kind and unselfish, she rejoiced that I was to be happy; for herself, she said, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." She esteemed and loved her future son-in-law, and had no doubts about my prospects in life. But the wedding was a subject she did not like to talk about, and we seldom alluded to it. She told me that she hoped to be present at it, to give me her blessing, and the day was fixed for the 26th of May.

Quite suddenly, about the end of April, her last illness came on; from the first seizure, there seemed little hope of recovery. Her only wish was, that she might be spared to see her son Vincent, who was hastening home from India, that he might cheer and comfort her after his brother's death. She spoke of her death as a release, which, as she grew weaker, she asked us to pray for. She spoke too, of the great joy of soon being united to her "dear boy." Bryan came home and helped to nurse her. One day, after he had administered the holy communion to her, she whispered to him, "Give Vincent my blessing." At two o'clock, on the 26th of May, 1845, the day on which I was to have been married, her sweet spirit passed away to that land where sorrow is unknown.

How bitter it was to leave her room, where we had nursed and cherished her so tenderly! As Bryan closed the door he tried to comfort us, telling us "good angels took our places."

Our dear mother was buried on May 30th, in the family vault, under the altar at Woodchurch. Deep respect was shown to her memory ; many of her poor friends attended the funeral ; a half-witted person, Nelly Dickman, who was there, said how glad she was that, "it was such a beautiful burying, for she deserved it all."

To me, it seemed a strange, but very real answer to my prayers. So long as she lived, I was her constant companion. She was thus spared the pain of seeing me leave her for a home of my own, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that, while I was with her, she was happy. Three months later, at my marriage, as I knelt over the spot where she lay, I felt, though deprived of her bodily presence, that she was, as she had promised, present in spirit to love and to bless.

" Perhaps thou gav'st me, tho' unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss."

I hope these imperfect memorials may give some faint notion of my mother, and of the loyal love and reverence in which she was held by her children. The desire to do her honour, to help her, to wait upon her, to bring her every joy and happiness in our power was ever present with us, and her smallest command met with a willing, unquestioning obedience.

I think I cannot close better than by quoting a few words from the funeral sermon, preached at Woodchurch, on Sunday, June 1st, by him who was so soon to be my husband.

He took for his text the following verses :—"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." He spoke of the resurrection, the life to come, and the invited guests; and, in conclusion, he said, "perhaps it is only the tribute due to a life spent in active benevolence to man and punctual performance of duty to God, if I say, let us strive to follow the steps of her who so lately worshipped in this place, and now sleeps here; of whom it is enough to say, that she was not one of those who made excuse, but rather who see that their main aim and purpose should be to live so that they may be fit guests at the glorious feast to which they are invited."

NOTES.

QUOTATION from a letter from Mary Green, a great niece of Mrs. Joshua King, of Woodchurch, who used frequently to come to Bebington when she was quite a child :—

“Do you think I may some day see Mrs. Goodwin’s ‘Recollections of her Mother.’ I have always retained, and shall to oldest days, a loving remembrance of the kind lady sitting by the window at Bebington, her foot on a large stool, a corner of which was a happy resting place for me. She would stop her work to smooth down my very rumpled head when I had been romping. I can see her sweet smile now at my first attempt at knitting as I sat at her feet.”

I find I have almost omitted to mention my sister Kate. She was delicate in her youth; she was very fond of horses and dogs, and of outdoor occupations; she rode almost daily, and was clever in the management of horses, and drove well. She seldom entered into household matters; her tasks were dissimilar to mine.

After my uncle’s marriage she became much attached to his wife, and almost lived at Woodchurch. When, after

the death of our mother, my father married a second time, she took up her abode with my uncle and remained with him until his death. After that she moved to Torquay, where she died on February 12th, 1878, at her own house, which she called Bebington. She is buried in the cemetery at Torquay. My brother Vincent put up some handsome brass gates to her memory, in St. Michael's Church at Torquay; in the centre of each gate is the monogram C. K.

My father was kind and generous to his children, but we were never at ease in his presence. A quotation from one of Miss Austen's books exactly describes our feelings with regard to him:—

“His departure gave Catherine the first experimental conviction that a loss may sometimes be a gain. The happiness with which their time was now passed—every employment voluntary, every laugh indulged, every meal a scene of ease and good humour, walking when they like and where they liked, their hours, pleasures, and fatigues, at their own command, made her thoroughly sensible of the restraint which the General's presence had imposed, and most thankfully feel their present release from it.”

Two letters from Gouverneur Morris to his niece, Catherine Ashfield:—

“*Morrisania, July 3rd, 1808.*

“MY DEAR NIECE,

“When your letter of the 4th of January arrived I was not at home, and have since been much engaged. Moreover, I was desirous that time might alleviate the poignancy of your affliction before the receipt of this letter. Time alone can soothe our sorrows. The condolence of friends is of little avail, even when present to speak in the

accent of sympathy, much less when in absence their words must be committed to paper. At your father's period of life his death was to be expected; it was therefore, as an incident for which the mind prepared. I feel it chiefly on your account, I should have lamented it also as a misfortune to your brother, had I not believed that he has long regarded parental admonition as both useless and troublesome.

"And now, my dear child, one word as to yourself. You are among the friends of your father, who I doubt not will cherish his child; but time must take some away, and will obliterate in others the remembrance of him who is gone. It seems to me, therefore, that your best position will be in this country, among those who are bound to you by the ties of consanguinity. My house is large enough to hold us both, you shall reside in and superintend it. This will cost nothing to either of us, for your care and attention will be valuable to me. You will, under my roof, see much good company, and I think live happily. You can leave your money in the hands of solid people, subject to your order, and when here we will discuss together the means of placing it to advantage; you will find an interest of six per cent., perhaps more, regularly paid and well secured, which will enable you to live in affluence, because you will have nothing to expend but for clothing and to pay your maid. I advise you to bring with you a woman of integrity and good temper; make an agreement for a term of years, lest she should leave you soon after your arrival. The great difficulty will be your passage, which should not be undertaken till you find a fit companion. The embargo laid by the Government will, I suppose, continue to the end of next autumn or longer, so that the Packet is your only resource.

"You are rather out of the way of knowing who come by that conveyance, but your friends will, I trust, obtain the needful information from their correspondents in London.

"I shall expect you, my dear child, as soon as you can make it convenient, and in the meantime I am, as ever,

"Yours truly,

"GOUV. MORRIS.

"Miss Catherine Ashfield,

"Liverpool."

Morrisania, 4th Nov. 1809.

"MY DEAR CHILD,

"It gave me great pleasure to learn by your letters of the 15th Nov. and 20th of June, the connection you have formed with Mr. King. His manly conduct in settling your property on you proves him worthy of your dutious affection. I am sure, from the style of your letter, that you will be a loving, and I trust, for your own happiness, sake, an obedient wife. This, my dear, is the highest character to which a woman can attain, for she is then in the place which heaven designed. In getting out of it she may purchase, perchance, celebrity, at the dear price of domestic comfort; but she will surely lose the applause of the virtuous and the wise. In saying this I am far from pretending to give advice, which I think is unnecessary, and still further from conveying a censure, which would, I am sure, be unjust; I mean only to add my feeble voice to the concurrent testimony of all those who deserve respect. Your brother's conduct does not surprise me, he has too good an opinion of himself to do well his duty to others. He will be corrected in the school of life by that rough preacher misfortune, and then he will be able, I hope, practically to compare what he is with what he ought to be.

"In the meantime, let me recommend it to you, that you speak of him seldom and never harshly. Bitter words inflict sometimes a wound deeper than cruel deeds, and are generally more insurmountable bars to reconciliation.

"The unkind act can be mentioned with dignity, and then the offending party may explain, excuse, atone for it. But pride prevents the mention of that soreness which it feels from a harsh expression, and the scratch festers.

"I hope your next letter will tell me that you are not only a happy wife, but a happy mother. In multiplying the objects of legitimate love, you multiply the sources of all the substantial bliss which can be tasted in this life.

"The gifts of fortune, the gaudiness of rank, and the patronage of power, are all exterior to the mind, and, like the toys which children play with, lose their value from the moment of possession—or rather that moment shews that, in truth, they had not the value which we

supposed. Love is all our own, it is a great part of our being, and imparts to the little incidents of a cottage fireside a sweetness which, without it, no imperial diadem can bestow.

"Present my affectionate compliments to Mr. King, and believe me, my dear child,

Yours truly,

GOUV. MORRIS.

Mrs. Catherine King,
Liverpool.

My mother's letter to Gouverneur Morris.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I received your letter of the 4th November, and beg you will accept my thanks for your kind congratulations, in which I am joined by Mr. King; I am happy to find that what I said of him has led you to form a just opinion of his character.

"I exactly coincide with you in your ideas of what the female character ought to be; I have endeavoured through life to tread in the path you have pointed out; a compliance with my indulgent father's wishes was always my greatest happiness, and I trust I shall not be deficient in the duties of a wife, to one of the best of husbands.

"I have the pleasure of announcing to you the birth of my little boy; he is just now nine months old, he can walk, and in all respects he is very forward for his age; speaking impartially (if a mother can do so) he is a most lovely child; and generally thought very like my dear father. He is christened Vincent Ashfield, after him, and I hope he will resemble him in goodness of heart and rectitude of principle.

"Is there any probability of your again visiting England? few things would give me greater pleasure than seeing you. I hope you still enjoy good health and spirits, in that case a long journey will not be so impracticable. A great depression of spirits prevails in the Manchester world; there never was known to be so many failures as have taken place this year, owing, in a great measure, to speculation. I am happy to say in that respect Mr. King pursues the plan of my father, content with modest gains without risk.

"I wrote to my aunts some months since ; I have not heard from them very lately ; I hope they are both well.

Mr. King joins me in best regards to you.

Believe me, my dear Uncle,

Your ever affectionate

CATHERINE KING.

Liverpool, Nov. 1st, 1810.

A letter from Mr. Ashfield to Robert Welch.

Liverpool, 22nd November, 1796.

DEAR ROBERT,

"You left home a few days too soon, or you would have dined with our old friend at his seat at Mosley Hill, with myself and several of your friends ; we walked out, but the day was cloudy, and we had only a cursory *review* of the country, and as the trees have lost their *plumage*, and the fields their *ordure*, our walk was upon the whole very unpleasant ; but this was made up for by a turn or two through the *turpentine* walks of the garden, and on the banks of a *wandering* stream that runs at the foot of it. Our appetites were good, and our dinner excellent, save in the article of game ; tho' this was apologised for by saying it was seldom if ever to be bought in Liverpool, whereas in London you had only to send to your *upholsterer* and you got what you wanted. Our wine was capital, and of various kinds ; but the servant had put wrong *libels* on the decanters, and the claret drinkers were now and then *poisoned* with a glass of port. Our landlord produced some excellent Burgundy, but told us he had only a few bottles left, as his late butler had *embellished* most of it, though one of his cellars was entirely *propagated* for wine, and he always kept the key himself.

"The company was large and the conversation pretty general ; the chief topics—the African trade, the improvement of the town, the war, and bankers, and money matters. The blacks in Africa, we were told, could administer poison which would most *affectionately* destroy the constitution, yet at the same time they had an *anecdote* ready to *countermand* its effects. We were all of opinion that Grier of the *Cyclops* had

behaved very ill in not defending his ship, and our host thinks he ought to be *persecuted* with the utmost *vigour* of the law. We got warm upon the corporation laying out so much money in widening the streets ; some thought it right to do it in our own time and not leave it for our *ancestors* to do, as they might have other *inozations* (*sic*) when they come to tread the *scene*.

"As to the war, matters on that subject he said were always *disgusted* in large companys, the result of all was, that it had been a most cruel one, not only in the field but everywhere else, for he believed that the French had *masqueraded* more now in cold blood than had been done in all the *prescriptions* of the Roman *Triumvirate*.

"As to the bankers, it was said instead of letting matters go on in the common *retail* of business, they *investigated* all their money in the funds now they were so low, which put their customers to great inconvenience.

"How long do you purpose staying in London ? You will often see our worthy member the General, you must tell him that his speech at the Crown and Anchor has lost him a great deal of *population* here. We have been told that Col. Blundel is to be employed in the W. Indies ; we all gave the preference to the latter, as he is well *manured* to the climate, having served there several years with such good conduct that he has got a *feather* in his *scutcheon* by it.

"I had almost forgotten to mention our friend, the King of Cheques, being there ; and when the conversation began to flag he made one of those long and flowery speeches in which he says nothing ; soon after which he went away. Several observations were made upon his *Farago*, but the most profound one was by the master of the house, who said it was the most *lucrative* speech he had ever heard, and he wondered where a man could pick up such a *paucity* of words. We have no news worth communicating, save accounts from Georgia that the *Greeks* and *Jackdaws* had taken up the hatchet, but had laid it down again. You will excuse me sending you this *unanimous* letter, the bearer will be our friend, Bob Booty, and I am

"Ever faithfully yours,

"VINCENT PEARCE ASHFIELD.

The following dog story in connection with Woodchurch Rectory may be worth recording. When my uncle Joshua King died, a favourite terrier of his, by name Vick, went to live with his old farm servant, William Palin, the parish clerk. Vick used to visit her old home daily in company with Palin. My uncle's successor determined to pull down the old Rectory and build a new one. Vick entirely disapproved of this, and when the destruction actually began, no persuasion would induce her to revisit the spot; making thus a silent protest against what she, doubtless, regarded as a profane innovation.

Our ancestry being rather peculiar I have made a note of the history on my mother's side. Lewis Morris, of Morrisania, my great-grandfather, married for his first wife Catherine Staats; she was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Staats, who held a high and honourable office under the Crown in the State of New York.

When the province of New York surrendered to the English, in 1664, Dr. Staats returned to Holland. He then obtained from William of Orange some prominent position in Java, and while there he married an East Indian Begum, or Princess. Of this marriage there were born in Java, Catherine, already mentioned, and Sarah, their eldest daughter, who, in 1704, married Isaac Gouverneur, of Albany. Isaac and Sarah had a daughter, Sarah, who

was married, on the 3rd of November, 1746, to Lewis Morris, my great-grandfather, as his second wife; she was niece to his first wife. It was one of her daughters, Sarah, who became wife to V. P. Ashfield, and was my grandmother.—E.G.

MORRISANIA.

In 1670 Richard Morris, of Tinton, in Monmouthshire, went from Barbados with his wife to settle in America, and made large purchases of land in New York and in New Jersey. The New York lands were bought from the Dutch owners and from the Indians, and were in extent, when the patents were granted by James, Duke of York in 1676, about three thousand acres. The letters patent, signed by Sir Edmund Andros, colonial governor of New York, designate the land as the "Lordship or Manor of Morrisania." The rent was to be the annual payment of a sack of corn, and all manorial rights were granted to the owner. The property remained in possession of the family till comparatively lately, but at the present time only the house, which is still called Morrisania, with the grounds around it, is retained, the rest of the land having been sold.

